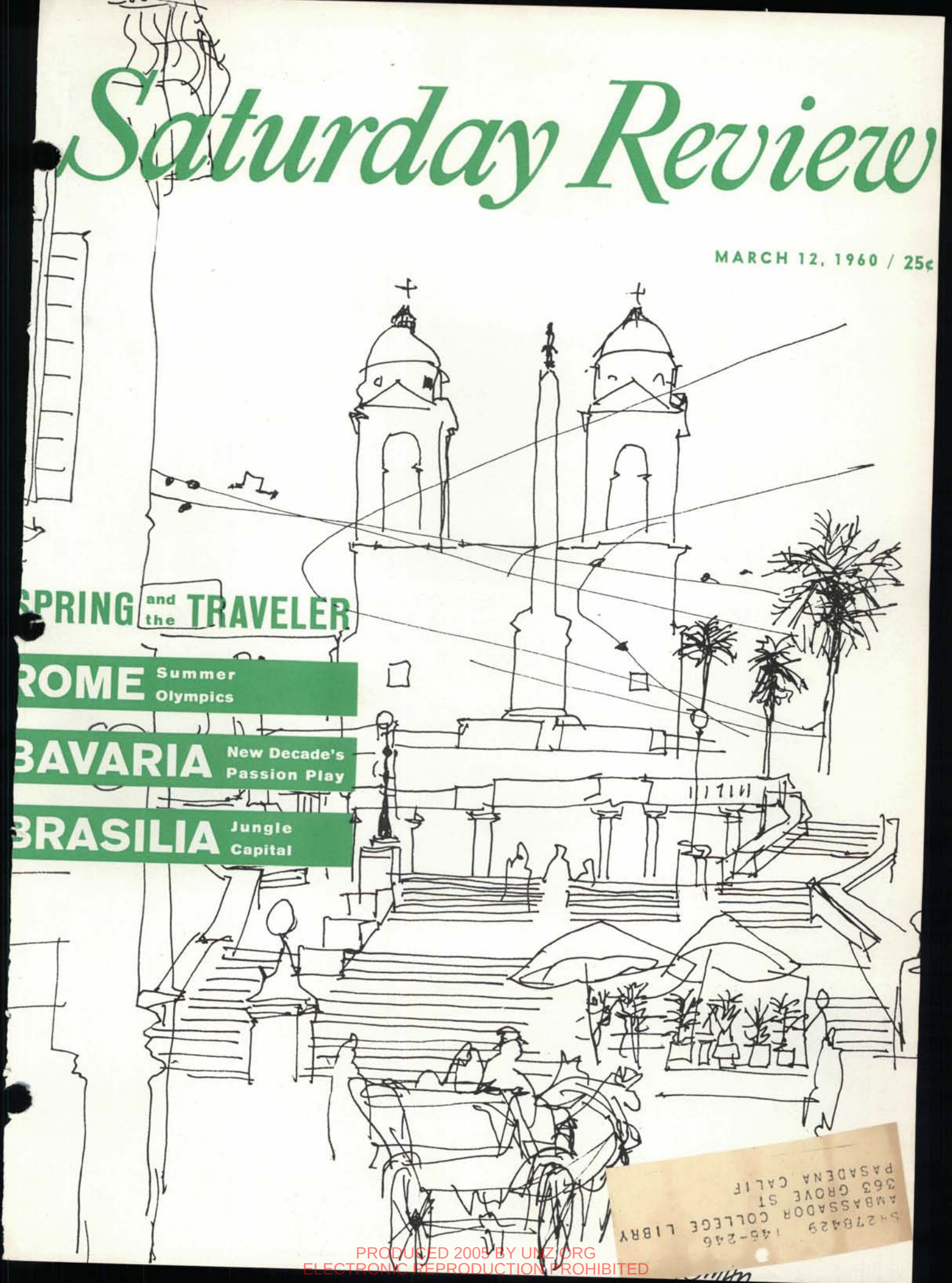
Saturday Review

MARCH 12, 1960 / 25¢



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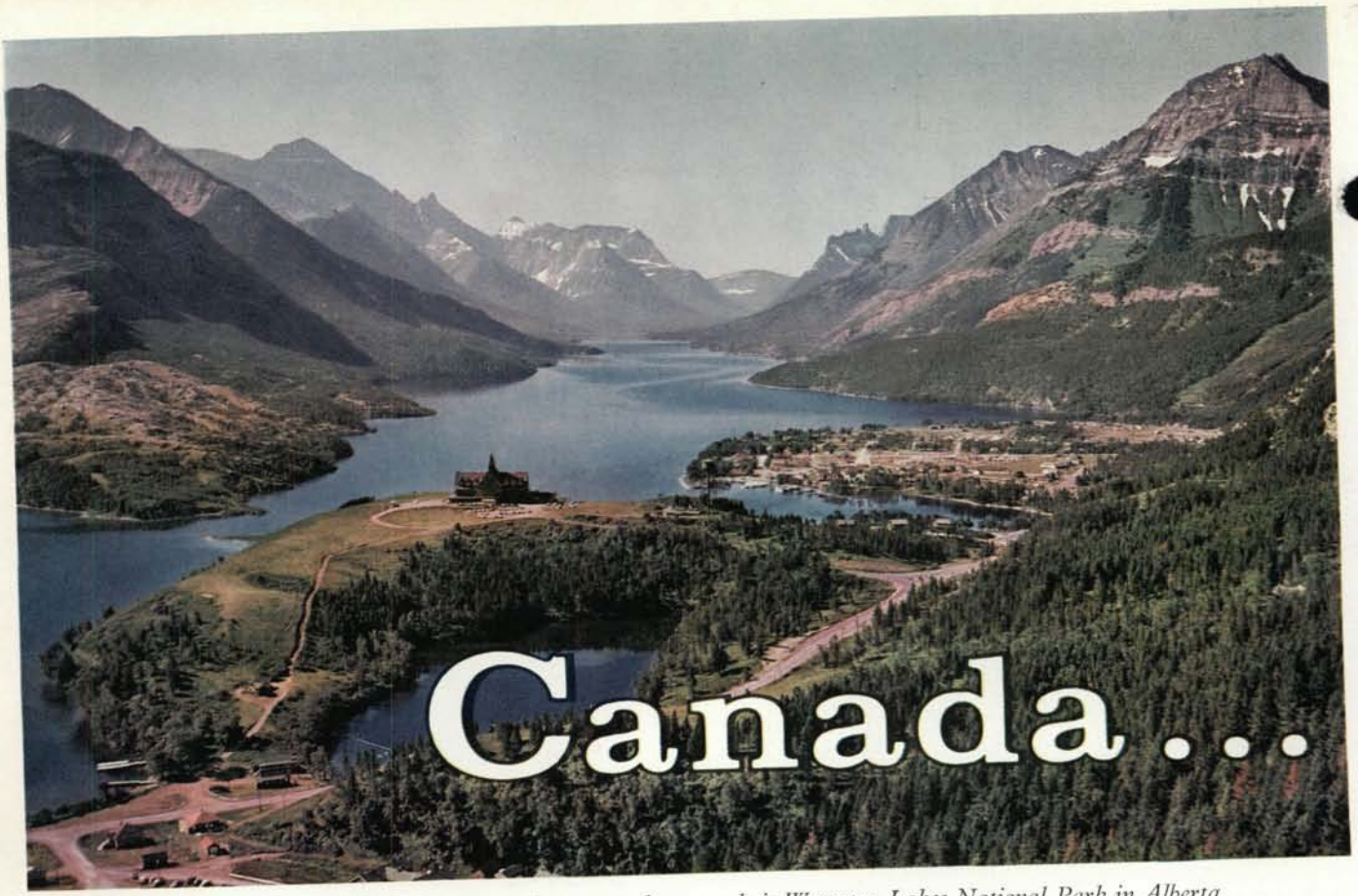

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Saturday Review

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I don't know whether any earnest young Ph.D. candidate has ever set about examining the relation tween the type of food an artist eats and the type of work he produces. Probably not; as we know, many of the great works of art have been produced by men who were scarcely eating at all.

But I do know a book that is right for anyone who is interested in how writers and artists behave at the table. It is "The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book."

This volume, which has already achieved quite a reputation among people who know good food and good writing, has just been issued as part of the Anchor paperback series.

Its author, Alice B. Toklas, was the constant companion of Gertrude Stein for almost 30 years. The two of them fed — or ate with — such notables as Picasso, Thornton Wilder, Sherwood Anderson and James Branch Cabell.

The book, which is compounded about equally of anecdotes and recipes, offers plenty of food for thought as well as for the digestive tract.

It belongs on the shelf of every woman — and man — who is interested in good cooking, particularly in the French style. It's also an ideal hostess present when you're asked out to dinner by a good and literate cook.

Besides, there's always the chance that next time you'll be offered one of the recipes out of this book.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book" ($1.25) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, N.Y. For a complete list of all Anchor titles write to L. L. Day, Room 1734, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

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TRADE Winds

WE HAD A CHANCE recently to discuss humor in the Soviet Union with one of the leading Soviet novelists and playwrights, Leonid Leonov, a twinkling, spirited gentleman whose mood, dress, and appearance could easily permit him to be mistaken for a salty American country lawyer in a homey TV series. Speaking with merriment and animated gestures through an official State Department interpreter, Leonov waited patiently as his phrases were processed from idiomatic Russian into idiomatic English.

Humor, of course, is wispy and ephemeral, and a story either falls flat or soars like a rocket depending on the delivery, the mood of the listener, and the timing. These qualities do not come through easily in translation; even so, Mr. Leonov proved himself a skilled teller of tales.

IN THE SOVIET, as in the United States, jokes fall into clearly defined categories, springing into infinite variations from the same premise. For example, the husband-and-wife jokes are rampant, following the ageless and universal pattern of the unconvincing husband in the face of the skeptical wife.

One of the latest, told over the Moscow lunch tables, in commuter buses, and in elevators, concerns a husband

who passed an extremely ugly toad on the edge of the road.

"If you take me home," said the toad, "wonderful things will happen to you."

The husband complied, and finally allowed himself to be persuaded to take the toad up to his bedroom as he was about to retire. Suddenly, the toad changed miraculously into a beautiful woman.

"And to this day," Mr. Leonov quoted the husband as saying, "my wife won't believe a word of this story!"

IN THE SAME GENRE is the story of the pigeon who was scolded by his wife. ("Her feathers were as blue as ink," Leonov said poetically.) Having been away from home all day, he finally came dragging in late at night to face a tongue-lashing in the time-honored tradition.

"*Why* are you so late?" demanded the ruffled wife.

"Sorry, dear," said the husband. "But I just felt like walking home."

The hoary American equivalent is the story of the New York commuter who missed the 6:02 by seconds and went across the street from Grand Central Station to have a drink while he waited for the next train. He met a beautiful girl who was so enchanting and flattering that he missed the next three trains. When he arrived home, his wife demanded an explanation.

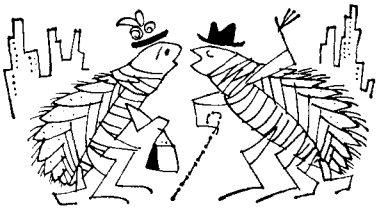
"You see, dear," he said, "I missed the 6:02 and went across the street from the station to have a short drink. I met a lovely girl who told me I was the most handsome man she had ever met, and she was so flattering and enchanting that I missed the next three trains."

"Stop the nonsense," said the wife. "How much did you lose at poker?"

SHAGGY DOG STORIES are staples in the humor of Americans. The same would also appear to be true of the Russians. A shaggy flea story told by Leonov takes a sharp nip at American affluence. Two shivering fleas on an icy winter day were standing on a sidewalk in New York. They had just arrived in this country, and were hard put to know what to do.

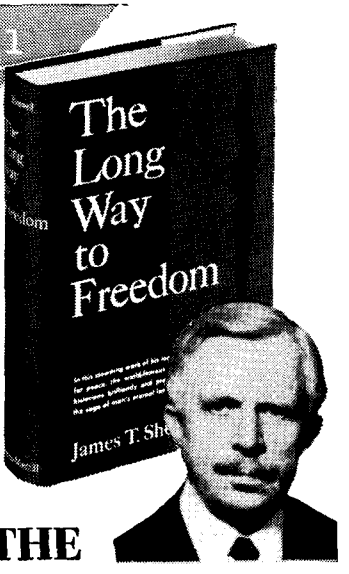
"I'm freezing to death," said the lady flea. "I wish you'd *do* something!"

"Don't worry dear," said the gentleman flea. "I'm going to get very rich—and then I'll buy us a dog!"



ANOTHER VERY SHAGGY item concerns two travelers on a train going to a small provincial town. One passenger reveals that he is headed toward the place of his birth, and then proceeds to take a small box of powder from his pocket, throwing a pinch of it out the window without explanation. After the fourth time, his companion asks for

from Bobbs-Merrill



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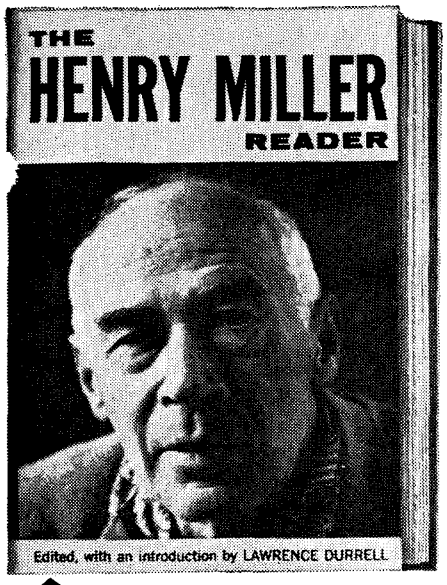
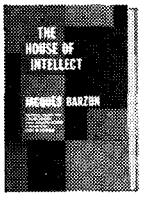
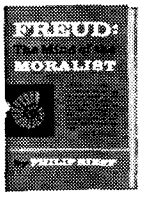
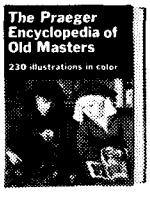
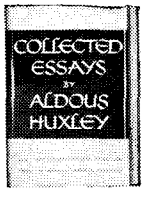


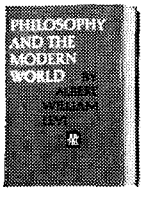
Includes writings from his TROPIC OF CANCER, BLACK SPRING, and other works banned in America

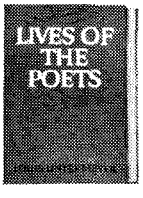












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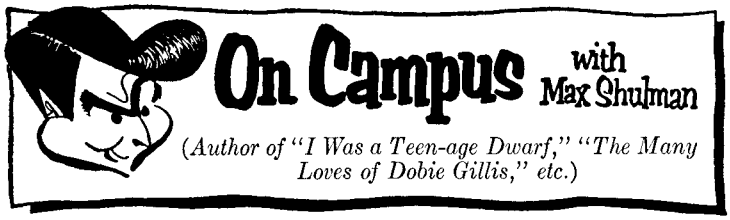

THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY SIGAFOOS

It was a dullish evening at the Theta house. The pledges were down in the catacombs; the actives were sacked out upstairs, not doing much of anything. Mary Ellen Krumbald was sticking pins in an effigy of the housemother; Evelyn Zinsmaster was welding a manhole cover to her charm bracelet; Algelica McKeesport was writing a letter to Fabian in blood. Like I say, it was a dullish evening.

Suddenly Dolores Vladnay stood up and stamped her foot. "Chaps," she said to her sorors, "this is too yawn-making! Let's do something gay and mad and gasp-making. Anybody got an idea?"

"No," said the sorors, shaking their little sausage curls.

"Think, chaps, think!" said Dolores and passed Marlboro cigarettes to everybody, for if there ever was a smoke to start you thinking, it is mild and flavorful Marlboro! Things come clear when you puff that good, clean smoke through that fine filter—knots untie, dilemmas dissolve, problems evaporate, cobwebs vanish, fog disperses, and the benevolent sun pours radiance on a new and dewy world. Oh, happy world! Oh, Marlboro! Oh, soft pack! Oh, flip-top box! Oh, get some already!

Now Geraldine Quidnunc, her drooping brain cells revivified by a good Marlboro, leapt up and cried, "Oh, I have a perfect gasser of of an idea! Let's hypnotize somebody!"

"Oh, capital!" cried the sorors. "Oh, tingle-making!"

At this point, in walked a young pledge named Alice Bluegown. "Excuse me, mistresses," said she, tugging her forelock, "I have finished making your beds, doing your homework, and ironing your pleats. Will there be anything else?"

"Yes," snapped Dolores Vladnay. "When I count to three, you will be hypnotized."

"Yes, excellency," said Alice, bobbing a curtsey.

"One, two, three," said Dolores.

Alice promptly went into a trance.

"Go back," said Dolores, "back into your childhood. Go back to your fifth birthday, back to your birth, to before your birth, to your last incarnation . . . Now, who are you?"

"My name is Bridey Sigafoos," said Alice. "The year is 1818, and I am in County Cork."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"How old are you?" asked Dolores.

"I am seven," said Alice.

"Where is your mother?" asked Dolores.

"I don't know," said Alice. "She got sold at the fair last year."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Tell us about yourself," said Dolores.

"I am five feet tall," said Alice. "I have brown eyes, and I weigh 3200 pounds."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Isn't that rather heavy for a girl?" said Dolores.

"Who's a girl?" said Alice. "I'm a black and white guernsey."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Moo!" said Bridey Sigafoos.

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* * *

We,' the makers of Marlboro, have our doubts about this story. About cigarettes, however, we hold these truths to be self-evident: Marlboro for filter smokers, Philip Morris for non-filter smokers. Try some.

an explanation of this mysterious ritual.

"It's simple," comes the reply. "I'm protecting the train from tigers."

Informed that there were no tigers for thousands of miles around, the passenger replies: "That's all right This powder doesn't work anyway."

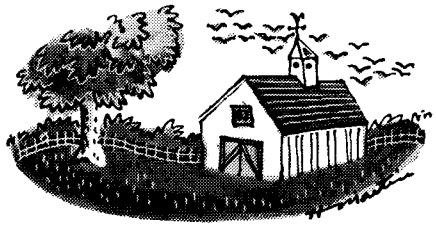
This is a variation of the yarn from which Alexander King drew his title "May This House Be Safe from Tigers." In his version, King quotes a friend who prays every day that his house will be safe from tigers.

Said King: "What is the meaning of this idiot prayer?"

Said the friend: "How long have you heard me saying it?"

Said King: "About three years, on and off."

Said the friend: "Three years. Well—been bothered by any tigers lately?"



WE MET MR. LEONOV at an informal gathering in a private home in Connecticut to which a group of four leading authors from the USSR had been invited. Their visit is sponsored by the State Department, as part of the cultural exchange program which sent four American writers to Russia last fall. The American group consisted of Edward Weeks, Paddy Chayefsky, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Alfred Kazin. In general, the results of the exchange program have been encouragingly productive. The Americans made a fine impression, the Russians have been appreciative and cordial, enjoying to the point of exhaustion the hospitality offered them.

THE FIRST QUESTIONS asked by the guests arriving at the Connecticut gathering was: "Which ones are th Russians?" It was impossible to discern any distinct difference in appearance, manner, or even mood between Americans and Russians. The general air of the well-to-do Russian is casual and autochthonous to the American eye. Poet Stephen Shipachov's flowing

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An Open Letter to Teachers

If the great New York Philharmonic were going to play in your town tonight, would you urge the boys and girls in your class to attend? If Bernstein or Stokowski or Mitropoulos were going to conduct Beethoven or Mozart or Bartok, would you encourage your students to experience this important event? We feel that you would.

EVERY WEEK the New York Philharmonic does play in almost every town across America, over CBS Radio. No one has to stir from home. No one has to buy a ticket. A radio is your front seat.

This is just one of many programs on CBS Radio that make a deliberate effort to bring your community cultural, informative, educational and, just as important, entertaining events that waken your students to new ideas and great occasions, that teach them that the arts are for enjoying, that learning is for living, and show them that the work you do in class extends far beyond the schoolroom blackboard.

Every week your students can attend the concerts of the magnificent Cleveland Symphony under the direction of George Szell. They can enjoy a weekly performance of the Metropolitan Opera during its season. So many young people have learned from these broadcasts that "Faust" and "Carmen" are exciting stories; that opera singers have as much to offer them as popular singers, that intermission features like Clifton Fadiman's interviews or Edward Downes' "Opera Quiz" are great fun. Have you told them how fascinating such worthwhile programs are?

Has it occurred to you to tie in "The Hidden Revolution" series with discussions in current events and social sciences and government? Last year this series won the Peabody Award for outstanding public service. The subject is the changes and upheavals taking place in the world today. History before it's history! History while it's still a news story! Edward R. Murrow and Howard K. Smith narrate these programs. Your pupils will get to know men like Vice President Richard M. Nixon, playwright Archibald MacLeish, Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, Professor of Anthropology at Harvard.

Do your students know how fascinating news can be when they hear it from a man like Lowell Thomas? He has been a cow puncher, gold miner, college professor, newspaper reporter, editor, historian, lecturer, author of more than 45 books. His gift is an incomparable one. By telling the big, important stories colorfully and concisely, he makes them real and memorable.

Have you alerted your class to the fact that twice each day they can travel to the remote corners of the globe and get the news firsthand from the finest news reporters in the world—the CBS News correspondents? The programs are "World News Roundup" and "The World Tonight." And top newsmen like Eric Sevareid, David Schoenbrun, Daniel Schorr and Winston Burdett tell the story directly from the scene.

In your classwork in government or history have you suggested that your students listen to "Capitol Cloakroom," and "The Leading Question," broadcast each week on the CBS Radio Network? They'll meet national leaders, get to know their personalities and attitudes, get familiar with important public affairs as they take shape. Fine learning tool for future statesmen!

Is your class aware that by listening to "Face The Nation" on CBS Radio they can hear, firsthand, opinions of world figures, as informed reporters question them? Great inspiration for future journalists, and voters!

Do your students know what they are missing by not hearing "Invitation To Learning"? Recently critic Alfred Kazin discussed Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." Every week a well-known authority gives a new breath of life to an important literary work.

DO YOU REALIZE how many CBS Radio programs are worthy of being made assignments for classroom discussion? Make it a habit to glance at your local daily radio schedules. For just to point out to the boys and girls who sit before you every day the opportunities they may be missing right in their own homes, just to hint that they might actually enjoy "Aïda" or Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony or a special news program might be opening a career, planting an ambition, enlarging life for them.

Not to open young minds to what lies so close at hand, so eager for use, so ready to serve, so worthwhile, might be to miss one of the great challenges of teaching. For what better way can we stir these young minds to think, to learn by doing, than by suggesting they use their time for something stimulating and constructive, that is theirs simply for the turning of a little knob.

If today radio stopped bringing such events to your town, if the New York Philharmonic no longer brought Beethoven, if "World News Roundup" no longer took you to Algiers and Tokyo, if the Metropolitan Opera performed only for New Yorkers, if intelligent worldwide news programs gave way to sensational headline flashes, if the only music available were rock 'n' roll recordings, then you and your community would be striving to improve the quality of radio. Fortunately CBS Radio constantly strives to bring you educational, informative, cultural programs that assure your town the finest broadcasting fare.

IT IS YOU, by your interest, who control the quality of programming that is brought to your students, the men and women of tomorrow. Suppose, by your lack of enthusiasm, these wonderful things were no longer available, waiting to be heard. Wouldn't you as a teacher make every effort to bring them back? —CBS Radio Network

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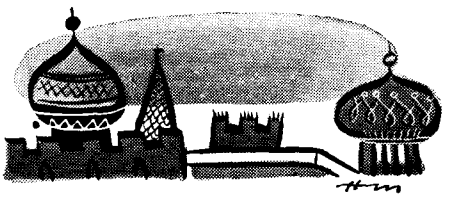
mane of white hair might mark him as an artist, but his bearing and expression could pass anywhere for open Yankee friendliness. Novelist Mukhtar Auezov, born and raised on the edge of the Gengiz Mountains in Kazakh, has a broad, handsome face which is distinctly Oriental; but you could imagine him as a San Francisco physician who has come to New York to read a paper before the AMA. Oles Gonchar, the Ukrainian novelist, would go unnoticed in any restaurant in New York, might even pass for a football coach because of his athletic build.

ALL FOUR OF THE visiting writers share a background of prize-winning works. Mr. Auezov, who has been writing since 1917, won the first Stalin Prize for his novel "Abai," which deals with the Kazakh poet and cultural leader of the nineteenth century. He also has translated "Othello" and "The Tam-



ing of the Shrew" into the Kazakh language.

(Not the least problem in Soviet publishing is the fact that more than sixty alphabets are used throughout the Union, and special translations are of course required for maximum circulation. Standard Russian has two dialects, according to Franklin Reeve, assistant professor of Russian at Columbia, while the major languages include Ukrainian, Byelo-Russian, Georgian, Uzbek, Kazakh, Azerbaidzhan, and Mongolian. Top Russian books appear in about thirty translations. Auezov, for instance, writes in Kazakh, and later translates his works into Russian.)

Mr. Shipachov won the highest Soviet literary prize for his poem about Pavlik Morosov, a Siberian pioneer, and combines forty years of writing experience with his job as head of the Moscow Writers' organization.

Every republic has its own writers' organization, headed up by a board which appoints an operating secretariat. The organizations are supported by dues from the writers, plus assistance from the Literary Fund, kept in business by deductions from the income of the publishing houses. The Literary Fund is celebrating its hundredth anniversary this year, having been founded by Turgenev and other writers of his time.

Mr. Gonchar was awarded state prizes for his trilogy "The Standard

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PICTURED LEFT TO RIGHT—TENTH, HALF-GALLON, FIFTH, GALLON, HALF-PINT, MINIATURE, QUART

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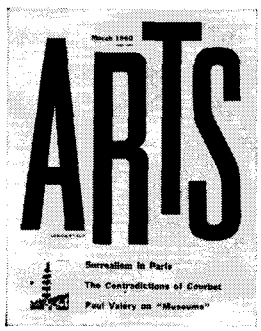

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Bearers." He writes of the Ukraine, where he was born of peasant parents.

Leonov won the Lenin Prize for his novel "Russian Forest," now hovering around the million mark in sales. In addition, he has a long record of dramatic hits. ("The play is the highest form of writing," he said. "Each one must be put together like a watch. A most exacting form. An art which is so exacting that it damages one's health." Quipped Shipachov: "Mr. Leonov, you'll note, is quite healthy!")

AS MANY AMERICANS know, Ernest Hemingway is widely read in Russia; but almost equally popular is the obscure American novelist Mitchell Wilson.

"Hemingway," said Mr. Auezov, "brings joy to everyone because man's spirit is raised. 'The Old Man and the Sea' brings joy by the strength of his spirit. The old man himself is unconquerable. His books reflect man's optimism and humanism."

Wilson's sale in this country is inconsequential; in Russia, extensive. His

themes, dealing with the machine age, might appeal to the Soviet mind because of its preoccupation with progress in technology.

Among the classic Russian writers, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Chekhov, and Turgenev are still in prime favor. New editions of classic writers sell as fast as our best sellers. Author Gonchar, away from home during the war, telegraphed his wife to buy a copy of a new special edition of Pushkin, just published at the time. She had to write him back that the edition had sold out the first day of publication. This is apparently not uncommon today, even without war shortages. (Gonchar, for instance, found it difficult to believe that an American edition of 7,500 copies is considered a moderately good sale in hard cover.)

AT ONE POINT in the proceedings, poet Shipachov revealed that he had written a poem on the plane en route to this country, and he was urged to read it to the guests.

"Please do not be too strict with me," he asked. "I have not yet recited it before, and I must have it translated as I talk." Moscow interpreter Sofya Krugerskaya, full of enthusiasm in spite of

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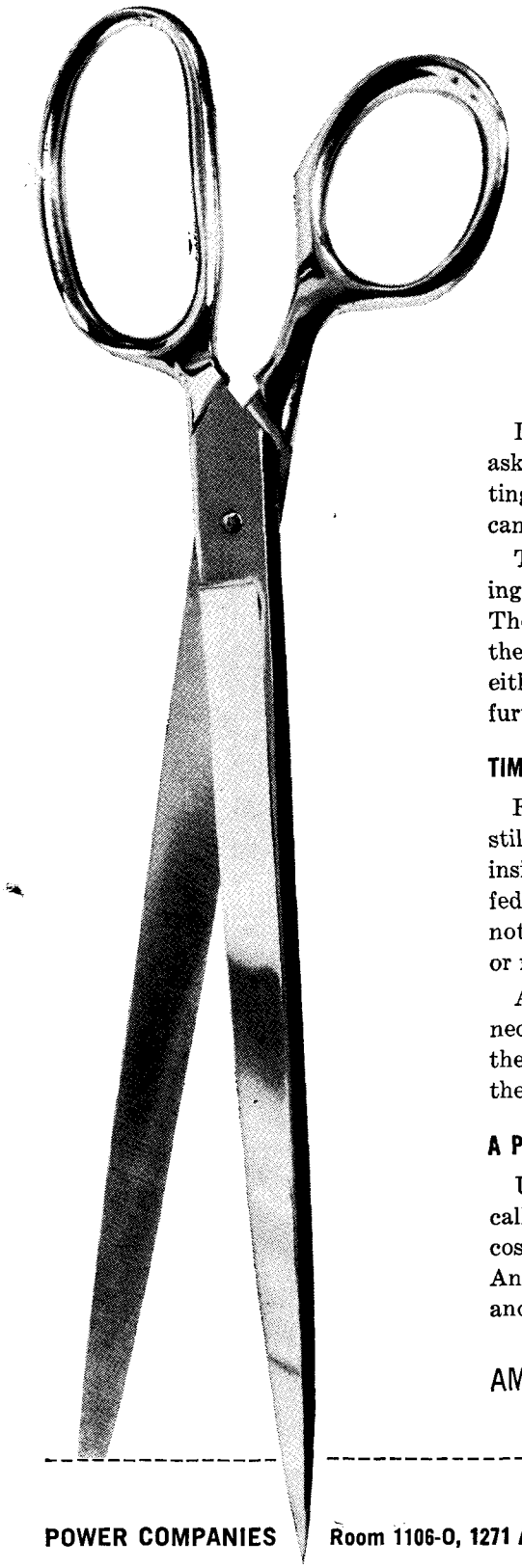

WHERE WOULD YOU START TO CUT THE "FAT" FROM FUTURE FEDERAL SPENDING?

Increasingly, informed people are asking "Is government spending getting beyond the point where inflation can be halted?"

They see pressure groups promoting all sorts of spending programs. They know that if these go through, the U. S. public must foot the bill, either in an increased tax load, or in further depreciation of their dollars.

TIME IS RUNNING OUT

Fortunately, the American people still have a third choice. They can insist upon the elimination of those federal spending programs which are not essential to the nation's economic or military strength.

A glaring example, here, is the unnecessary spending *of billions* to put the federal government farther into the electric power business.

A PLACE TO START

Up to the present time, this so-called "public power" program has cost taxpayers about $5,500,000,000. And its promoters are pushing for another $10,000,000,000.

THE ISSUE IN A NUTSHELL

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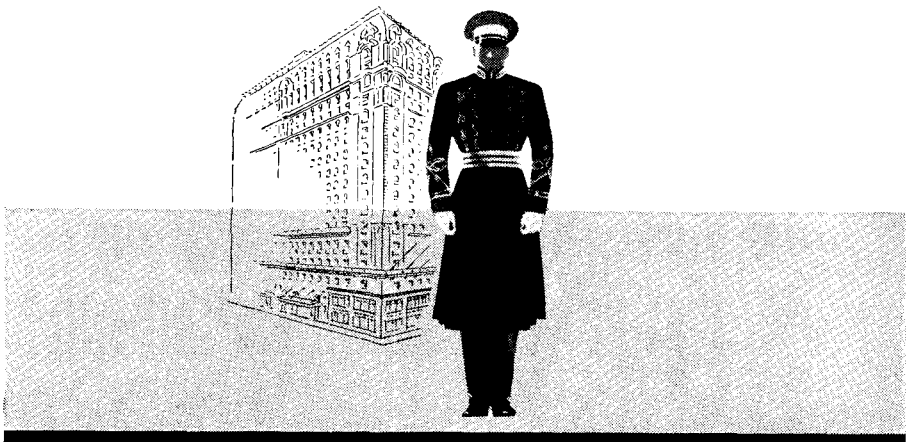

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a growing hoarseness, said: "Never mind! Go on! I'll try!"

He spoke the poem lyrically in Russian without interruption, then repeated it for line-by-line translation, which at this stage must be rough and literal for its first published appearance anywhere:

The sleep takes leave of me;
My thoughts come alive.
In good faith and good intentions
I fly to the land of skyscrapers.

Over which meridian we are
The pilot alone can know.
Between the stars and the ocean
Our plane is suspended.
There in the silent darkness under me,
The planet is turning over to its other side.

The sleep takes leave of me;
My thoughts come alive.
In good faith and good intentions
I fly to the land of skyscrapers.

AS THE GROUP prepared to leave for New York, one guest was heard to ask: "What has surprised you most about your visit?"

Said Leonov: "We have been here two days, and only one person has asked us about Pasternak!"

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1354)

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A good dancer, of course, is impossible to describe. Ulanova, with her quiet, subdued, understated movements and gestures, makes description all the more elusive. I felt I was watching a frail feather lightly blown in a zephyrous wind.

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Chess Corner–31

THE PRESENT generation of chess players is too often inclined to forget the debt it owes to the great masters of the past. Of all the competitors of that colossal tournament, St. Petersburg, 1914, only two are still alive—Rubinstein and Bernstein. Now retired, they reside, respectively, in Belgium and France.

Akiba Rubinstein, what a player! Only by a strange quirk of fate did he fail to reach the world's championship, having defeated each and every champion on a different occasion. Proficient in every department, the opening, the middle game, and the end game, he could brighten the most humdrum position with a sheen that would blind the masters. He was a master's master. In the immortal *partie* below, his combination is one of the deepest on record, and its soundness is only confirmed by a profound study.

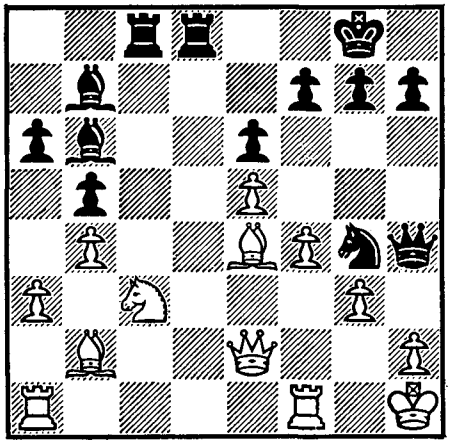
QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

G. Rotlewi White
A. Rubinstein Black

1	P-Q4	P-Q4	11	B-Q3	PxP
2	N-KB3	P-K3	12	BxP	P-QN4
3	P-K3	P-QB4	13	B-Q3	R-Q1
4	P-B4	N-QB3	14	Q-K2	B-N2
5	N-B3	N-B3	15	O-O	N-K4
6	PxBP	BxP	16	NxN	BxN
7	P-QR3	P-QR3	17	P-B4	B-B2
8	P-QN4	B-Q3	18	P-K4	QR-B1
9	B-N2	O-O	19	P-K5	B-N3ch
10	Q-Q2	Q-K2	20	K-R1	N-N5!

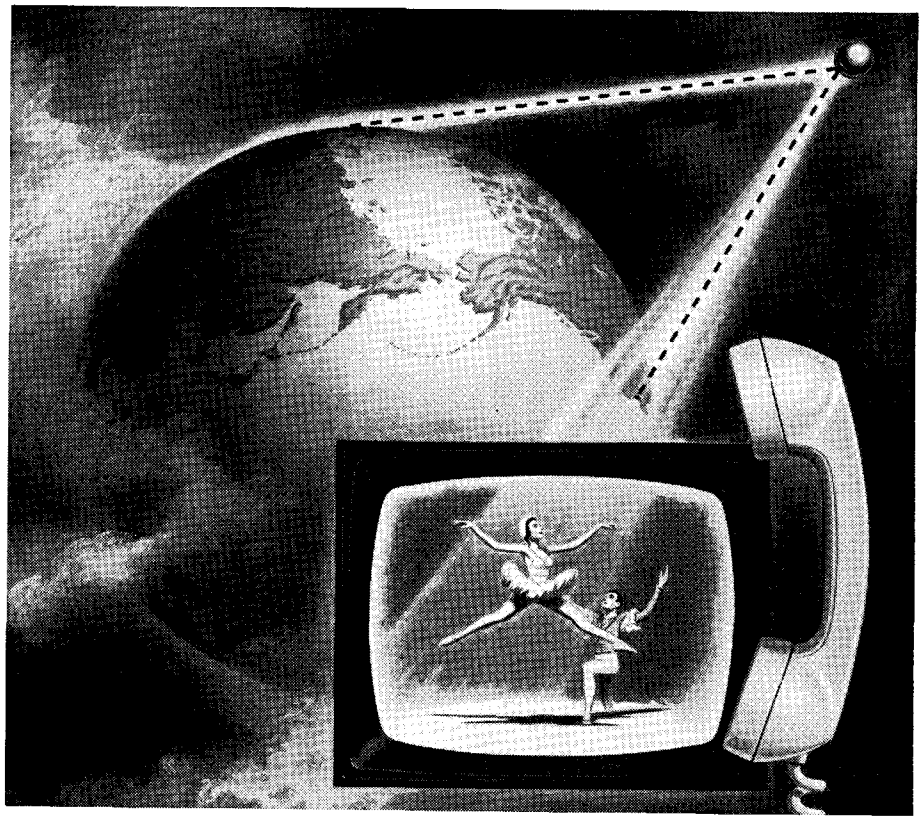
White has mismanaged the opening. Only a Rubinstein, however, can show its flaw.

21	B-K4	Q-R5
22	P-N3	.....



22	.....	RxN!	26	B-Q4	BxB
23	PxQ	R-Q7!!	27	R-B2	BxR
24	QxR	BxBch	28	Any move	RxP mate
25	Q-N2	R-R6!!			

—AL HOROWITZ.



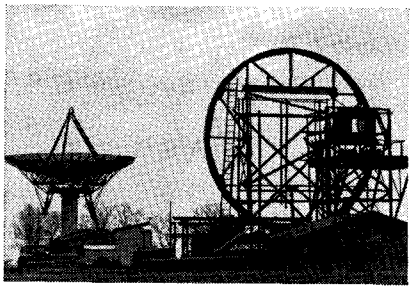
The high frequency radio waves that carry telephone and television signals travel in straight lines and refuse to follow the earth's curvature. To overcome this, it may well be practical and economical to send them over long distances by using earth satellites as relay points.

Telephone Calls and TV Shows by Way of Outer Space?

Maybe some day you'll get phone calls from Brisbane or Bombay—live TV from Caracas or Copenhagen—via satellites!

Over the years imaginative research has vastly improved your Bell Telephone service.

Now Bell scientists are looking ahead to an extraordinary possibility, until recently only dreamed of: the sending of telephone calls and TV across oceans via earth satellites.



Under construction in foreground is a new antenna which Bell scientists hope will receive signals reflected from earth satellites during forthcoming tests. Background: a Project Echo transmitting antenna.

To explore this idea, Bell Telephone Laboratories scientists are presently working hard on the communication phase of Project Echo. This experiment, sponsored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, seeks to reflect radio and voice signals across the United States by means of a satellite 100 feet in diameter.

Recently these scientists relayed a human voice from New Jersey to California via one familiar satellite, the moon, and also sent a signal several hundred miles by means of an aluminized balloon.

Many features of the telephone service we take for granted today once sounded as improbable as this. But working always on the frontier of science is one of the ways we make that service more convenient, economical and enjoyable for you.

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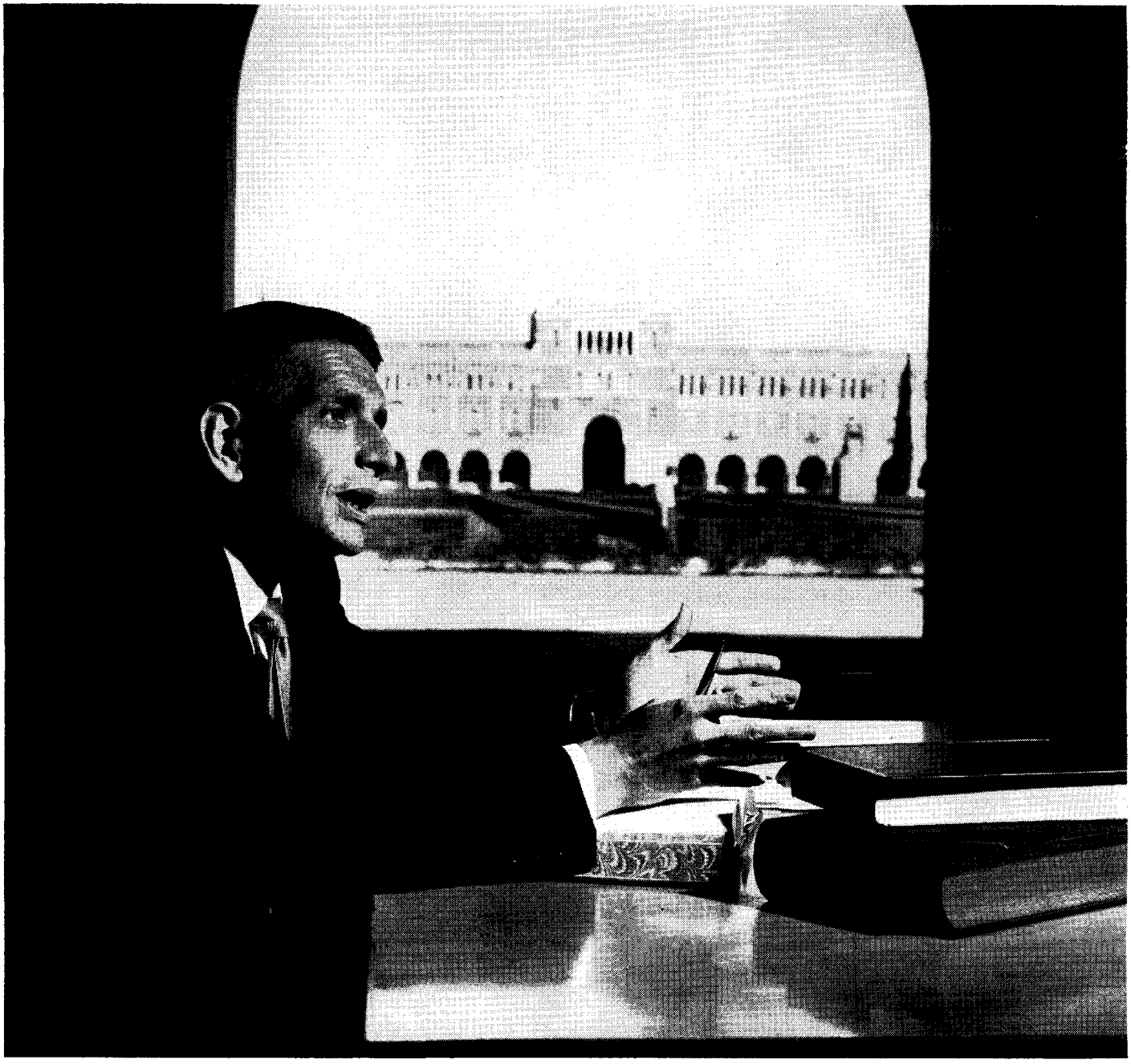

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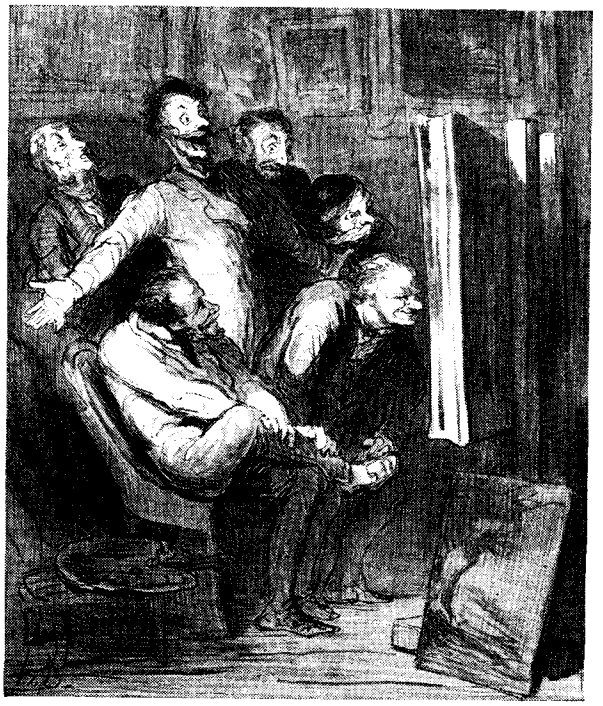
Saturday Review

MARCH 12, 1960

CAN MODERN ART SURVIVE ITS FRIENDS?



—*Bettmann Archive.*

By KATHARINE KUH, *SR's art critic, who has long advanced modern art as writer, museum curator, and gallery director.*

THE SPEED with which modern art has swept from tatters to tails, from *mutters of blasphemy to* roars of acclaim, from anonymity to the glare of publicity, may bespeak a battle won too soon and too well. Oversold and emasculated by its very success, the art of our times is more endangered by its own camp than by its enemies. A bare twenty-five years ago it was *virtually impossible* to find a tolerant audience for contemporary art. Now the situation is reversed. Today it is equally difficult to find a responsive audience for works of the past, unless they happen to be primitive artifacts directly related to modern painting and sculpture.

Anyone in the know (an astonishing number, these days) ticks off names liky Dufy, Vlaminck, Picasso, Rouault, Braque, and Miró with easy familiarity. Who cares if facts are sometimes inexact, judgments hasty, and prices wildly irrational? Only the most infrequent collector concerns himself with any period other than the present or the immediate past. And since new art movements multiply with bewildering speed, adequate time for the study of earlier works is impossible if current and more fashionable developments are to be conscientiously pursued.

That devoted band of pioneers (artists, dealers, collectors, museum people, teachers) who in the Twenties and Thirties fought to promote the art of their own times certainly *did not* intend to slam the door on the past. It is their converts, oddly, who have become obsessive. The enthusiast of some thirty years ago felt no disloyalty to contemporary artists by recognizing their forefathers. What, indeed, would Picasso have done without Velasquez, Cranach, Grünewald, and Delacroix? What would Modigliani have done without Botticelli? Léger without Poussin? Dali and Ensor without Bosch? Braque without Chardin and Mondrian without Saenredam? How can these men be intelligently understood without some knowledge of their heritage? For art does not grow from life alone; it also grows from art.

One is repeatedly shocked today by the lack of reasonable comparative values. A market, for example, which prizes and prices superficial regatta scenes by the ubiquitous Dufy above rarer and more substantial works by, say, Géricault, or values a shimmering Pissarro landscape above deeply felt religious compositions by Ribera, Murillo, or Zurbarán seems on dubious ground. The imbalance results less from routine economic problems of supply and demand than from a sudden surge of relatively inexperienced buyers volubly abetted by experienced if unblushing publicists. Recently a New York dealer, in issuing a press release to introduce a new artist, used the following excerpt from an article in *Time* magazine.

> Over Düsseldorf last week, a dark beetle-browed young man leaned from the window of a low-flying Cessna and shoveled out handbills by the thousand. "Everything moves. Nothing stands still," they proclaimed. "Stop building cathedrals and pyramids which crumble like lumps of sugar! Stop resisting changeability! Be free! Live!" In the streets below, one man picked up a copy, read it, then shook his fist at the plane. Artist Jean Tinguely, 33, was delighted. "Some will say, 'very good.' Others will object. The overall result will be just what I wanted: total confusion."

This young man must have learned his lesson well from that sensational self-publicist Salvador Dali, who is now purported to value one of his recent works (and a poor one) at $250,000. In this case the battle has been sadly overwon, for Dali, despite public gymnastics, was once a penetrating and inventive painter who made an illustrious contribution to the art of our century. It would seem today that the more shallow his work, the higher the price.

With the battle won and public acceptance growing, one questions why at precisely this time premonitions of sterility appear. Originally we had hoped a hesitant public would

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learn to enjoy the art of its own time, arguing that to understand the present is as pressing as to appreciate the past, that in reality there is *no* separation. The logical continuity we sought was dissipated, history becoming partisan as the last hundred years suddenly turned into an isolated phenomenon. And this is not to deny the illuminating and productive character of these eventful years. Originally we hoped better trained, unbiased eyes would embrace fresh ways of seeing a dynamic, changing world. What we did not seek was a periphery of novelty, noise, and news. Today it is not uncommon to hear successful young artists referred to as "hot this year" or, in a darker vein, as "done for" or "finished" if, following one or two annual exhibitions, easily recognizable new styles do not emerge.

Originally we hoped to rescue modern art from its ivory tower or, better, garret closet, to see that it sold for sums commensurate with its esthetic value. What has happened economically is common knowledge. Recently I priced the work of a young, tentative artist whose paintings eight months ago were selling for around $500. Now similar canvases in a more impressive Fifty-seventh Street setting have accelerated to $2,400. Painted with well-bred flourishes, these big, slightly empty compositions recall in one watered-down echo all the great names of American abstract expressionism. Even before the authentic originators of the movement had fully developed, followers were diluting their work with palatable adaptations. Important artists have always attracted disciples, but today followers appear so rapidly and in such profusion that they literally swallow their leaders. With the relentless pressure for new styles and techniques, a succesful artist must also compete with himself, with his own reputation. Often faced with obsolescence before he has reached his prime, he is tempted to deny himself thoughtful gestation periods in order to remain in the public eye.

Originally we hoped to introduce art to a far wider audience through decentralization and traveling exhibitions, a feat now accomplished with signal success. But we scarcely anticipated that paintings and sculpture were to be exploited as fund-raising aids, political ambassadors, and social stepping stones. Works of art are now on the move so strenuously that wise conservators tell us preservation, especially of paintings, is becoming an increasingly serious problem and that this very mobility, which enriches the public today, may impoverish future generations no less than wars have in the past. Originally we hoped modern masters would become as familiar as older ones. We did not expect that the same devotees who know to the hour what Picasso was doing on any day of a given month might confuse Carpaccio with Caravaggio, or Georges de la Tour with Fantin-Latour.

NO one suggests that the popularizing of art has been without valiant rewards, rewards so self-evident that they require neither enumeration nor defense. But corollary abuses are sufficiently insistent to threaten the gains. Though explanations for the present dilemma regularly allude to status seeking and tax saving, there are also less material motives. Recall, for example, the experience of the nineteenth century, when Van Gogh, Gauguin, Cézanne, Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, and their colleagues were neglected or ridiculed by an obtuse public. Today, fearing similar guilt, we bend over backward in our zeal to be tolerant. Far from omission, our sin is indulgence. If a work is novel enough, no matter how immature, a permissive audience rallies around, recalling that Seurat painted the "Grande Jatte" in his early twenties and that both Van Gogh and Lautrec died in their thirties, but forgetting that Cézanne and Renoir developed slowly, that Gauguin's early work was often heavy-handed and clumsy, that Monet and Degas were at their peaks toward the end of long productive lives.

As the history of art lengthens and is revealed in greater detail through exhaustive research, the busy but interested layman understandably limits himself to a period readily at hand. Books by the dozens and exhibitions by the hundreds provide him with information about the present. Today his library may number several monographs on Picasso but rarely a single volume on the earlier painters who nourished this artist. For him, contacts with more varied comparative material could enrich both the scope and scale of his vision. I am thinking of exhibitions where relationships of past and present art are significantly juxtaposed, of books in which a general theme unites art of all periods, of lectures where scholarship transcends minute specialties to reveal that continuity germane to all human experience.

In museums the emphasis is increasingly on attendance, a direct result of those skyrocketing costs which necessitate broad and frequent public appeals for funds. But in the arts, numbers per se mean very little. A breakdown of attendance figures would doubtless show how many museum visitors come only once or twice a year in dutiful response to a dramatically spotlighted exhibition. The current philosophy that mere exposure produces serious disciples of art is, I think, more the result of wishful thinking than of proven facts, though the humanizing of museums in recent years has unquestionably attracted a larger and more sympathetic audience. These days, however, more and more money, time, and energy are being expended on temporary attractions, to the detriment of important permanent collections which in comparison are often poorly housed, inadequately promoted, and at times even relegated to storage bins. For obvious reasons most temporary exhibitions are composed of modern works. Installations are often costly and elaborate, publicity frenetic. The entire emphasis becomes warped. Attendance figures are watched by staff members with a passionate eagerness hitherto reserved for research.

Forcing the world of art to compete with popular entertainment seems to me a grave error. For it is not by the numbers who come but by the intensity of their experience that response to the arts can be judged. Most lamentable is the movement afoot today promoting pictures that "talk" electrically. This type of canned, predigested information spells the death of intuition and of the ineffable delight which accompanies personal discovery. That emotional experience can be reduced to capsule form and that valid short cuts to understanding exist are theories I strongly question. At the risk of seeming a purist I denounce our modern mania for "art appreciation." The very words conjure up well-bred, tepid acceptance instead of that total commitment which projects art from the realm of polite culture into the heady world of emotional involvement. Being told rarely compensates for finding out.

ART is even used these days as therapy. Clinically this has proved both valuable and valid, but when large groups of amateur painters begin to take their work so seriously as to show it widely and professionally, there is legitimate cause for chagrin. In very few vocations are the boundaries between the trained and the untrained so ambiguous and so difficult to pinpoint. The new emphasis on anti-art (a midcentury return to nihilism) and on spontaneous action-painting frankly values methods far removed from traditionally accepted techniques. In the hands of serious professional artists this freedom can mean invention, but for the untrained amateur, no matter how clever, the same freedom tempts

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A Century Ago, as Today, Art Had Its Passionate Partisans

"The Art Expert"

"At the Auction"

—*Daumier Lithographs from Bettmann Archive.*
"The Art Lover"

him to by-pass normal procedures and leap into the ring before he is ready for sustained development.

To make matters worse, dilettantism has not only invaded the practising arts; it also confronts the art historian and those specialists responsible for public acquisitions. In many cases works of art are purchased for large institutions on the recommendations of trained staff members but the final decision too often rests with committees composed of trustees who have rarely made art their specialty. This situation is not new, but in recent years, as paintings and sculpture have become both big business and public domain, amateur opinion steadily grows more vocal and more powerful. Consider the consequences if trustees of distinguished hospitals were to advise surgeons on the details of delicate operations. Imagine university trustees specifying the content of individual courses. Until the line is more tightly drawn between policy-making and professional duties, amateurism in the field of art will continue unabated. Perhaps it is only the professionals themselves who by intelligent organization and steadfast cooperation can hope to establish an equitable division of responsibility. Whether one be painter, sculptor, critic, art historian, or teacher, training, experience, and knowledge are as vital as in any other profession. Brief excursions into the joys of collecting do not prepare even the most astute layman for qualified public buying.

A widely attended, though highly controversial, exhibition a year or two ago was that of Winston Churchill. No one objected to the showing of this great man's leisure-time output, but many artists and critics felt that these innocuous amateur paintings (curiously conservative when compared to Churchill's trenchant literary style) should not be hung in influential museums commonly reserved for professional work, any more than an important university should consider Picasso qualified to lecture on political history. The fact that more people in a comparative space of time have probably seen Churchill's paintings than Raphael's is a chilling thought and a comment on the power of publicity.

A QUESTION also worth pondering is why the pursuit of art has become so involved with social prestige. Unlike the situation in Europe, where important museums are often subsidized by the government, in America most "public" art institutions are (inconsistently) privately endowed and therefore dependent on the support of the well-to-do. But no matter how faulty the system, private patronage is preferable in this country to the unwieldy, haphazard methods of political bureaucracy, if we are to judge by recent reactionary decisions of our State Department in reference to several international traveling exhibitions. Because of the constant need for generous backing, the arts throughout history have always been more or less associated with powerful and socially prominent patrons. When, as sometimes happens, these are also selfless and enlightened, the combination is prodigious. But as art becomes increasingly an entrée for the ambitious or a symbol of status for those who have already arrived, public support teeters between the vulgarities of dire inexperience and the dangers of polite indifference. That acts of personal exclusion are as costly to an institution and as wounding to an individual as recognition can be rewarding is worth remembering in a period when art and social aspirations have become uneasy bedfellows. An ironic if incidental footnote to the social fireworks which accompany noteworthy openings, especially of highly coveted nineteenth-century artists like Van Gogh and Gauguin, is not without pathos. The posthumous glitter and glory contrast sadly with the bitterly deprived lives of artists who themselves struggled against the very officialdom which now engulfs them.

Our present preoccupation with expansion, with new equipment and ever larger buildings, forces art institutions like other educational organizations to become immersed in fund raising, a problem which seems to be intensifying rather than diminishing. There is no doubt that with accelerated interest comes the need for broader facilities, but somewhere a balance must be found. To what purpose, for example, does the Metropolitan Museum in New York cover several full blocks if for financial reasons it must remain closed

(*Continued on page* 75)

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For the Slicks, He Was Slick

By Granville Hicks

IN 1951 Malcolm Cowley edited "The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald," drawing upon all four of the collections that appeared in Fitzgerald's lifetime and including several hitherto uncollected tales. For the volume Cowley wrote a long and perceptive introduction, in which he told the unhappy story of Fitzgerald's life, defined the nature of his work, and explained his importance. The essay is one of the classics of Fitzgerald criticism.

"Six Tales of the Jazz Age and Other Stories" (Scribners, $2.95) is a kind of salvage operation, bringing back into print most of the stories that appeared in Fitzgerald's second and third collections, "Tales of the Jazz Age" and "All the Sad Young Men." A few short pieces have been omitted, and so have the stories Cowley used—two from the earlier volume, five from the latter. Since Cowley chose well, what we have here is second-best.

The publishers, however, have had the happy idea of asking Fitzgerald's daughter, Mrs. Frances Scott Lanahan, to write an introduction, and a pleasant piece it turns out to be. Mrs. Lanahan begins by objecting gently to the critics who talk about "Scott" and "Zelda," and goes on to say what it means to be the daughter of a legend. She describes her father's industry and comments on his finances. She reproduces a statement of his monthly expenditures in 1923 that shows that he was almost as poor at addition as he was at spelling and raises all sorts of interesting questions about the kind of life he was leading. She picks up Cowley's comment on Fitzgerald's sense of history, notes the mildness of the manners the stories portray, and observes ruefully that, at the time he wrote them, her father obviously believed that senility began at thirty-five.

We find in the stories nothing so rich in high fantasy as "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," nothing so grim as "May Day," nothing so poignant as "Winter Dreams," nothing so funny as "The Baby Party." On the other hand, almost every story has the essential Fitzgerald quality. "Manners and morals were changing all through his life," Cowley notes, "and he set himself the task of recording the change." Significant parts of the record can be found in this book.

The first thing the reader observes is that, as Mrs. Lanahan has pointed out, the Jazz Age, as seen in these stories, isn't particularly wild. There is only one flaming youth in the whole book, Nancy Lamar in "The Jelly-Bean," who drinks copiously and gambles recklessly and comes to a bad end. This, however, is only half of the story, which also tells how the Jelly-Bean is almost but not quite transformed by the magic of love into a go-getter. To be sure, the girl in "O Russet Witch" indulges in some pretty unconventional behavior, but she is a figure of deliberate fantasy. Perry Parkhurst, in "The Camel's Back" (one of the more contrived stories), sets out to drown his sorrows after quarreling with his fiancée, but such gestures are not peculiar to the Jazz Age, and Perry remains at heart a staid young lawyer.

Two of the stories have nothing whatever to do with the Jazz Age. "The Curious Case of Benjamin Button" is an ingenious exercise on the idea of a man who is born at the age of seventy and lives his life backwards. "Tarquin of Cheapside" is laid in Elizabethan times, and the desperate but debonair rogue it portrays turns out, to nobody's surprise, to be Shakespeare.

In the remaining four stories Fitzgerald does appear as historian but not of the doings of flappers and their boy friends. These are all stories of marriage, and in three of them the motivating force is the wife's desire for money, luxury, and attention. The other story, "The Lees of Happiness," is the account of a happy marriage between a writer and an actress. The writer is stricken with a fatal disease, and his wife nurses him with exemplary devotion. Even here, however, there is, as balance, the unhappy marriage of the couple's best friend.

If Roxanne in "The Lees of Happiness" is the most self-sacrificing of Fitzgerald's wives, Luella in "The Adjuster" is, at the outset, the most selfish. Fitzgerald's sense of history asserts itself in a statement of great precision:

> If she had been a pioneer wife, she would probably have fought the fight side by side with her husband. But here in New York there wasn't any fight. They weren't struggling together to obtain a far-off peace and leisure—she had more of either than she could use. Luella, like several thousand other young wives in New York, honestly wanted something to do. If she had had a little more money and a little less love, she could have gone in for horses or for vagarious amour. Or if they had had a little less money, her surplus energy would have been absorbed by hope and even by effort. But the Charles Hemples were in between. They were of that enormous American class who wander over Europe every summer, sneering rather pathetically and wistfully at the customs and traditions and pastimes of other countries, because they have no customs or traditions or pastimes of their own. It is a class sprung yesterday from fathers and mothers who might just as well have lived two hundred years ago.

Luella does in the end find herself, thanks to the adjuster, Doctor Moon, who turns out to be time.

"Hot and Cold Blood" is the story of a good-natured and generous man who is driven towards meanness and hardness by his wife's demands. "Gretchen's Forty Winks," the most Philistine of the tales, describes a go-getter who triumphs over his wife's greediness by a neat stratagem and then is in a position to gratify her every wish.

Fitzgerald said that he wrote his short stories for money, and he disparaged them in comparison with his novels. By and large he was right. The best of Fitzgerald is "The Great Gatsby," large parts of "Tender Is the Night," and the tantalizing fragment of "The Last Tycoon." Even the finest of the stories aren't quite on that level, and many of them are a long way from it. Without apparently realizing what she is saying, Mrs. Lanahan reports that a friend to whom she showed the book said, "Why, if you didn't know who wrote these stories, you'd guess it was O. Henry!" You really wouldn't except for a few of the most contrived, but there is a painful amount of truth in the suggestion. Fitzgerald wasn't merely slick, but he could be slick enough when he wanted to be, which was often. His sense of history does give many of the stories an abiding interest, but this is scarcely a major literary virtue. Compare the best stories, as Cowley has collected them, with "The Short Stories of William Faulkner" or with Hemingway's "The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories," and you can see how regularly, in this form, Fitzgerald fell short of greatness.

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FICTION

Love Is a Shrug on the Seine

Francoise Sagan—"Does she care?"

"Aimez-vous Brahms . .," by Françoise Sagan; *translated by Peter Wiles (Dutton. 127 pp. $2.95), continues the precocious French author's inquiries into love—this time entangling two middle-aged Parisians and their respective diversions. Patrick Dennis is the pseudonym for the author of "Auntie Mame."*

By Patrick Dennis

"AIMEZ-VOUS BRAHMS? Did she really care for anything, now, except herself and her own existence? Of course she said she loved Stendhal; she knew she loved him. That was the word: 'knew.' Perhaps she merely 'knew' she loved Roger." It is writing like this that put Fannie Hurst where she is today.

At a time when girls of her ilk were buying their first leotards in Campus Casual Shops or learning curtsies for farflung debutante cotillions, Françoise Sagan made her debut in bookstores all over the world with "Bonjour Tristesse," a remarkable performance that established her immediately as a prodigy and the youthful Minerva of French-type s-e-x.

In the subsequent five years her motherless-child hair-do, her collection of sports cars, her motor accident, her May-and-October marriage (*and* her December divorce) were so faithfully and copiously reported that people got the impression that Mlle. Sagan must be a very good writer instead of just a precocious one. This is a natural mistake in the century of the Press Release. However, two more novels and a ballet did precious little to enhance a literary reputation so frightfully overblown to begin with. Now, as an Old Girl in her twenties, she has written Novel No. 4, "Aimez-vous Brahms . .," and one wonders if an American contemporary turning in the same manuscript and calling it, perhaps, "Sin in Cincinnati" would have gotten it published at all.

What little plot there is concerns Paule, a divorcée and successful Paris decorator of thirty-nine. For some years she has been the mistress of Roger, a grim trucking magnate of middle age. But Roger is far from constant and is, in fact, popping corn with a trampish young actress while Paule spends lonely nights at home waiting for him. It is then that rich Mrs. Van den Besh commissions Paule to do over her drawing room and also produces a breathtaking son of twenty-five, Simon, who falls madly in love with our heroine. The triangle goes on from there.

There are times when Mlle. Sagan writes so appallingly (see foregoing) that one would like to shoot the pen out of her hand. At other times her perception, her economy, and her utter style leave one speechless with admiration. This, I think, is Mlle. Sagan's trouble: She is all style with absolutely nothing to say. She is to the lending library what Elinor Glyn was to *Cosmopolitan,* and I am afraid that she is unconsciously planting today what will be an enormous joke in another ten or fifteen years when she should, by rights, be a respected novelist at the peak of her career.

While reading "Aimez-vous Brahms.." my mind kept seeing it as one of those moody, overrated French art-house films starring Arletty or possibly Danielle Darrieux pitted against some seamed old leading man such as Jean Gabin. There would also have been Gérard Blain, Elvira Popescu, long, crackling silences, and subtitles. But on glancing at the jacket blurb I see that United Artists will produce it with Ingrid Bergman under the title "Time on My Hands." And that is just about what it deserves.

"LA PETITE SAGAN": When Rimbaud was sixteen he wrote a poem beginning: "One is never happy at seventeen . . ." Françoise Sagan at eighteen was a bit more daring. She created those two forty-year-olds, Raymond and Anne, of "Bonjour Tristesse." The French, who have a knack for being adult almost from birth, are not unduly impressed by such a gift; and if you point out to them that *all* the characters, including Simon, in the latest novel, "Aimez-vous Brahms . .," are older than their author, they shrug their shoulders and express surprise at your astonishment. Indeed if Simon at twenty-five seems so boyish it is perhaps because his mother is American.

Consequently the image that Miss Sagan's public in France demands from the illustrated weeklies has changed little during the six years of her fame. She is perhaps slightly more sedentary since her automobile accident three years ago. Photographs taken on her country estate in Normandy show a cow grazing in the background while the novelist plays cards, reads detective stories, or sits placidly with her dog Youki at her feet and a cat on her shoulder. "She likes animals," the reporters announce and compare her to Colette. It is true that in the years between she has been "married, divorced, etc.," as one of her characters says, but these are minor matters which would not mellow the author of "Bonjour Tristesse" since she was so mature from the beginning. All in all, the change from eighteen to twenty-four has been imperceptible. Like Colette, Françoise Sagan is ageless.

Of course, the pictures of Youki and the rest tell us little about her writing. Except for a bird that chirps briefly, we can't in fact recall a single animal in any of the four novels, which are much less confessional than one would suppose. If Miss Sagan forbids all discussion of them even with her closest friends, it is not from any fear that some "keys" might be discovered but rather because of what the French call *la pudeur,* a deep reticence, which, more than any journalistic details, explains her literary personality.

The modesty of Miss Sagan is authentic. There is not a less coquettish young lady to be found in all of France and Navarre. Queries about her literary standing surprise her. "I may have a rank in 'publishing,' but as for litera-

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ture I really don't know." This is not self-abasement but simply a refusal to dupe or be duped by herself or others. She is suspicious of all myths and most of all of the Sagan myth. Her stardom leaves her cold, and when she said recently that she didn't care whether or not her latest novel was a success she really meant it.

In this mixture of lucidity and indifference Miss Sagan is most closely akin to her characters. They are not apathetic, but they demand little from life and know from the start that love, friendship, "etc." are mere interludes disturbing the normal state of solitude. They dislike big words, and the future holds little for them. In a recently published "Letter from Switzerland" Miss Sagan wrote that she would probably go right on for the next forty years shuttling annually between Paris, the sea, Normandy, and Switzerland. "It's trivial, but it's very comforting."

Fortunately, she has one thing her characters lack: a typewriter. And for all her diffidence she cannot conceal her deep love for her craft. Others of her generation have tried to convey the same emptiness, but Miss Sagan has found a style that fits. The restraint, the absence of color, the simplicity of detail, the preference for the general word, for *fleur* rather than any particular flower, all the more negative traits of the classical French style she has borrowed to create that muted tone, so unmistakably hers.

Miss Sagan has finished her first play, "Un Château en Suède," now in rehearsal at the Atelier Theatre. It is a departure after her four novels, and Paris will soon decide whether "la petite Sagan" is capable of a dramatic style. Does she care?

—L. C. Breunig.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 873

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 873 will be found in the next issue.

OLD MCDBLD WHY, PAY

QCRWY RYEYDCBSPF

SH C BSOYHCQYD.

—RYLDRY CKY.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 872

Most of us spend a great deal of time just letting off esteem.

—Author unknown.

To Comprehend if Not Condone

***"Ritual in the Dark," by Colin Wilson** (Houghton Mifflin. 442 pp. $4.95), a first novel by the young British author of "The Outsider" and "Religion and the Rebel," is a crime story with a philosophical difference. David Dempsey, novelist and reviewer, is a frequent contributor to the Saturday Review.*

By David Dempsey

COLIN WILSON has written an absorbing, somewhat puzzling novel about a modern Jack the Ripper who, legally guilty, is psychologically the victim of a compulsion to kill. To what extent shall he be held morally accountable for his acts?

This, in brief, is the question which the author, after unraveling his story for 435 pages, answers on page 436. The answer, of course, is the one we have known all along, but it is to Mr. Wilson's credit as a dialectician that he is able to keep us continually interested, and a bit annoyed: "Ritual in the Dark" is a slippery sort of book which, in the end, leaves us reassuringly in command of the obvious.

Like all good dilemmas, the one posed here is well equipped with horns: Gerard Sorme, a young English writer, comes to know three men, each of whom could conceivably be the sex murderer who is terrorizing London. One is the batty old man upstairs in the rooming house; another, an impoverished artist, has a penchant for drawing little girls; the third is an admitted homosexual with sadistic tendencies. Like Sorme and a girl friend (a Jehovah's Witness), they are outsiders who "want to isolate the modern sense of dispossession. The sense of being left in the cold. Of not having enough of life."

On this sentiment Mr. Wilson invites us to comprehend, if not condone, the compulsion-motivated killer. "Consider that it is better to feel yourself a sinner than to feel as if you have no identity," one of the characters remarks. And again: "Crime becomes a gesture of disgust, an act of defiance, but it could spring out of a deeper perception than most men possess." Young Sorme is about to buy this bill of goods (it is part of the romantic rationale which sees neurotic protest as a special form of insight) when the full horror of the crime is brought home by the sight of one of the mutilated victims. The killer becomes known to him. Even so —and this is the moral crux of the action —Sorme is willing to become an accessory after the fact. He arranges to have the murderer committed to an institution, to satisfy humanity rather than society; to *finesse* the situation, so to speak, so that in the showdown, although the dilemma remains, everyone sits a little more comfortably on his own horn.

Despite its faults (they are chiefly matters of contrivance) the book is well worth reading for anyone who wants to see what can be done by cross-breeding suspense fiction with the novel of purpose. In finishing the book, however, I found myself compulsively addressing Mr. Wilson with three questions of my own: (1) Do the English still drink as much tea as the characters in his novel? (2) Has he ever met a live Jehovah's Witness? (3) Does he really believe that "X" was capable of committing all those murders?

LABOR PAINS OF THE UNIONS: Two determined and calculating men are the protagonists of **"Sir Boss"** (Faversham House, $5), Ralph Bushnell Potts's fictional documentary in which some characters recall certain labor leaders, a U.S. Senator, as well as politicians and businessmen in Washington State. One of them, Henry Spilk, a descendant of the Pioneers (who are comparable with the First Families of Virginia), is disbarred for tampering with a child witness in a bastardy case. A sensitive person, this scars him for life. He becomes a bitter ascetic, indifferent and contemptuous of the world around him, and—at the dawn of the New Deal—a Roosevelt hater. He cannot practise law, but he becomes an expert in the early legislation that stimulated and encouraged a rash of unions in the early Thirties.

It amuses him to toy around with these laws. His interest is not in trade unionism, but rather in a mischievous exploitation of them. But he needs a front man, a tough guy, an enforcer; and, luckily, the unwed mother turns up with an iceman who has been an amateur boxer. Vic Rock is shrewd, learns

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his lessons, and finds his way around very quickly. With Spilk's coaching he undertakes the job of organizing the goon squads and muscle men who go through Seattle beating up the drivers, forcing them into a union, and then turning upon the employers to wreck their establishments unless they sign contracts with the Teamsters Union.

Spilk is capable of destroying Rock at any time, but it suits his perverse sense of humor to push him onward and upward—to observe him as he becomes a public figure, associating with the best people, exploiting the union, dealing with the Chamber of Commerce and the Taxpayer's Association, looked upon as one of Seattle's leading citizens. Spilk even rigs it so that his boxer is invited to the White House.

Republican Old Guard readers will chortle at Ralph Bushnell Potts's description of the Era of Wonderful Nonsense, both in Washington, D.C., and Washington State, when a rash of labor unions breaks out across the country.

Spilk cannot resist meddling in the Seattle Newspaper Guild strike. A union leader, he imports union longshoremen and dock workers to break both the strike and the heads of the strikers—one of the meanest and most miserable episodes in the book. Despite the author's disclaimer that this is presented as truth told in the form of fiction, Guildsmen will burn at the double cross in which a big union was used to wipe out a new and struggling one for the benefit of publishers, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Taxpayer's Association.

The author knows his way around labor laws, old and new. He writes with authority. In addition to his presentation and analysis of the disgraceful era when labor was enduring the pains of birth and unions were cutting each other down, Potts has written a good novel. His characters, whether fictional or real, are interesting and entertaining.

—Joseph F. Dinneen.

MAKE-BELIEVE IN ELBA: Every worthwhile novel should be an entertainment but it should be something besides entertainment. For seven-eighths of its length Oriel Malet's **"The Horses of the Sun"** (Putnam, $3.95) is an excellent entertainment; then it becomes something more and we see why the author, though writing at different levels of seriousness, has kept it mainly on a light note, for the storms which make the climax—the meteorological one and the emotional—would be much less effective without the preceding sunshine.

The sunshine, which is one of the chief characters in the book, is that of the island of Elba, where the Contessa di Montefiore has two villas in which to indulge the unpredictable caprices of her temperament. We have met her in fiction before: the rich woman who is a law unto herself—rude, shrewd, hot-tempered, fascinating, by turns a fairy godmother and a tyrant; but Miss Malet makes her more amusing if not more credible, than such people usually are.

The Contessa employs as her secretary the English ex-mistress of an Italian conjurer, now dead. Their nine-year-old daughter, Liz, is not exactly the juvenile delinquent so dear to the popular imagination of today; but she, no less than the Contessa, lives in a world of private fantasy in which fetishistic objects play a large part, and she has learned from her conjurer-father the technique of taking people's possessions, their wrist-watches, etc., without their observing. This she practises as an art, but the nuns of the convent in Florence call it stealing and send her back to her mother (already in the Contessa's employ) with a stiff letter. The Contessa undertakes to exorcize Liz—who is as emotional and mercurial as herself—by means of an ingenious game which helps to give the story its air of unreality, of playing at life. This, if it does not charm, may irritate the reader until he discovers that in Elba, at any rate, such goings-on are not condoned, and conventional morality demands its sacrifices.

There are a good many characters: Connie, Liz's mother, who though by no means strait-laced, is upset by her daughter's thieving ways; a professor once dear to the Contessa, and his son Pascal, who is very dear to Liz (I thought that her passion for him, besides being precocious, wasn't quite convincing). There is also a beautiful, cold English girl, who engages Pascal's affections; a visiting Canadian professor and his wife, who are great fun, as well as various natives of Elba, who behave in an uninhibited Latin fashion—like Ine Alfonso's donkey, who is sick after eating 150 geraniums. Puck is busy distributing love charms during this Midsummer Night's Dream.

The story is well constructed, well written, and well told, unless the epilogue, which ties up too many threads neatly but rather improbably, is a mistake. The tragi-comic, inconclusive ending with its corollary that life, after all, is not a game of make-believe, would have been esthetically more satisfying. But, for all its occasional irresponsibility and descent into farce, the book is rich in human nature (Pascal's reaction to the loss of the Contessa's boat is a good example), and its evocation of the Elba scene is, to say the least, captivating and nostalgic.

—L. P. Hartley.

ITALIAN AFTERIMAGE: Evocations of an Italian boyhood and youth comprise **"Our Last Family Countess & Related Stories"** (Harper, $3.75). Of their genesis the author, Antonio Barolini, now settled in this country, says: "Because I

(*Continued on page* 74)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CALLING ALL CALLINGS

Novelists and playwrights in their choice of titles frequently identify the leading character by telling what he is or does and letting it go at that. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, has selected a group of these label-titles and asks you to assign the correct authors. Answers on page 26.

(1) Ben Jonson	( ) "The Riding Master"
(2) Anne Powers	( ) "The Ironmaster"
(3) Joseph Caruso	( ) "The Professor"
(4) H. C. Branner	( ) "The Alchemist"
(5) Bessie Breuer	( ) "The Financier"
(6) Gabrielle Roy	( ) "The Dollmaker"
(7) James Aldridge	( ) "The Diplomat"
(8) Hariette Arnow	( ) "The Mapmaker"
(9) F. M. Dostoievsky	( ) "The Cashier"
(10) Charlotte Brontë	( ) "The Gambler"
(11) Theodore Dreiser	( ) "The Actress"
(12) Matthew G. Lewis	( ) "The Juggler"
(13) Anthony Trollope	( ) "The Priest"
(14) Michael Blankfort	( ) "The Warden"
(15) Frank G. Slaughter	( ) "The Monk"

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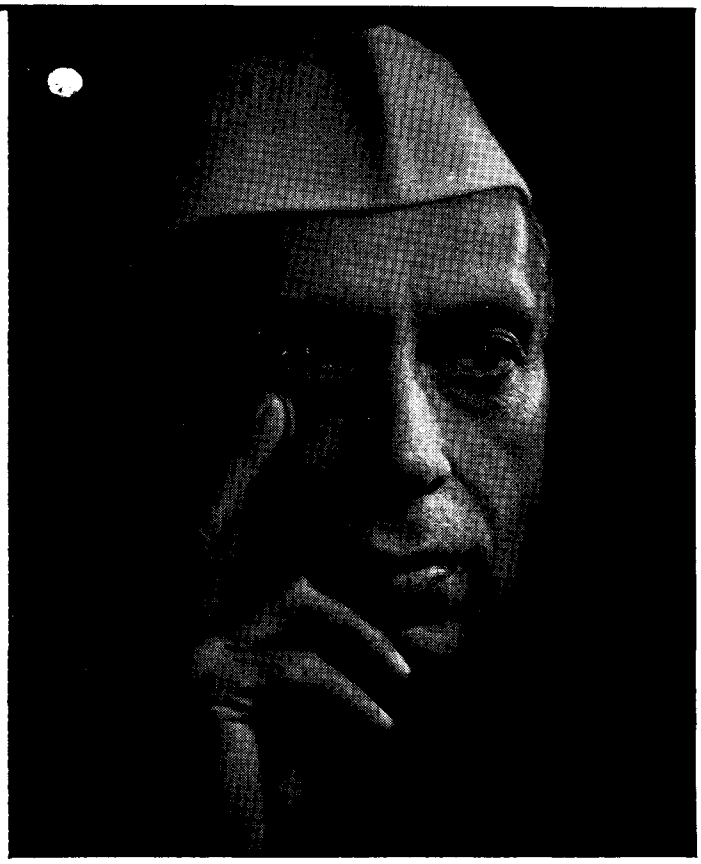

—*Karsh* (Ottowa)-PIX.

Jawaharlal Nehru—Tears to wipe, passions to still.

Guardian of the Gandhian Dream

By O. K. NAMBIAR, *chairman, English Department, Central College, University of Mysore in India.*

THE EARLIEST biographical sketch of Jawaharlal Nehru was published in 1931 by Principal R. Devivedi. Since then a considerable body of literature has grown round his name. When Nehru gave us his autobiography in 1941, India's struggle for freedom had yet to enter its final and decisive phase. The second part of his career, its crowded mission and "ampler ether," lay ahead. His autobiography came out early more or less as an interim stocktaking of the political scene. It has a sense of great things to come and gives glimpses of the dimensions and quality of his mind.

When freedom came to India with all its grim realities and left its fearful legacies, there were tears to wipe, passions to still, and gigantic problems of poverty and ignorance to solve without recourse to the vulgarity and violence of dictatorship; and Nehru sought the popular vote before beginning his stewardship of the nation. He has succeeded in holding the people together through the menace of a variety of disruptive forces, given them plans for prosperity and goals to work toward.

To have achieved even a modest measure of success in a few at least of the major and minor schemes of national rebuilding in such circumstances is a gratifying augury. There have been, however, tragic shortcomings and sad failures. The major problems of food and unemployment still vex India. Fresh problems continually arise, and during the time you have taken to read so far a hundred have been added to India's teeming population.

So, critics of Nehru's domestic and foreign policy find plenty to keep them busy. It is said that he is carried away by the sweep of his vision and ignores realities, has allowed economists to skip a sequence of steps in development plans, resulting in a chimerical prosperity seen only in blue books and not translated into the lives of the people. It is alleged that he has not chosen his lieutenants well and sticks to them from a sense of personal loyalty. Some bewail he goes slow, others complain he goes too fast. A few find him standing still and indecisive. The Communists think Nehru killed democracy in Kerala. Indian Socialists do not discover much Socialism in Nehru's Socialistic pattern of society. Indian industrialists complain that Nehru has curbed their enterprise and initiative, though these qualities were not much in evidence all these years, except in two or three notable instances. If things go wrong in the state or party, there is Nehru to blame.

Such diversities of opinion and an atmosphere to ventilate them freely in are the surest signs of a healthy democracy and a vindication of India's great experiment.

Vincent Sheean in his **"Nehru: The Years of Power"** (Random House, $5) describes the Indian scene and analyzes the complex forces at work in modern India. India is making a gigantic effort to work out a plan of prosperity by democratic means. Refusing to adopt measures inconsistent with the ideals that inspired her freedom struggle, and starting with a legacy inimical to the successful functioning of democracy, India has, during Nehru's stewardship, *not only not gone* backward, but taken a few significant steps forward. Mr. Sheean examines the various issues and opposing views with insight, sympathy, and imagination. The book is a study of personality in action, of a vision trying to realize itself in a mission. Centering round Nehru the man, the book has necessarily had to curtail treatment of the broad panorama of development going on in the country and an assessment of results. But the author does not fail to state with candor, and examine with fairness, the main trends of Indian opinion critical of Nehru's policy and program.

I think the most valuable chapter of the book is the one symbolically entitled "The Potter and the Welder." In it Mr. Sheean, a keen observer, presents two pictures, two points of view. One of the last of the old Gandhian guard, C. Rajagopalachari ("Rajaji") appears as the spokesman for the potter, who stands for the old socio-economic patterns, for "gradualism" in economic transition, while the welder, working in an up-to-date rail-coach factory, represents "the modern" and "the progressive." It is a tragic obstinacy that sees any conflict between these two as far as India's present state of development is con-

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cerned. There is room for both to coexist and expand for many more years.

The rate of industrialization is necessarily slow. The life of the bulk of the country's population is still lived, and will continue to be lived, in its countless villages. Gandhiji always insisted upon building the nation's economy and its social patterns from grass roots. The individual in the family, the family in the village, all interacting towards common well-being, is the image of the Ramarajya conceived by Gandhi. All superstructure of industrial prosperity that is now a-building will then have the most enduring foundation to stand on. All plans and patterns are, according to him, to subserve this end. This does not mean that the country's greatly needed industrial development and technological progress are to be put off or abandoned. First things came first with Gandhiji, and the revitalization of a people was basic to every kind of development. Food and employment must get the highest priority, and India is still far from solving these problems.

So, if Rajaji is in an "elegiac mood," as Mr. Sheean observes, there is good reason for it. During the decade of power there has been little visible improvement in the lives and lot of the villagers. For that matter, the lot of the urban population has not been made easier. That conditions are no worse is a flattering unction to lay to one's soul, but self-sufficiency and strength are still a long way off.

Many well-meant devices (National Extension Service, Block Development Schemes, The Depressed Classes Welfare Scheme, etc.) have been started to set things right in this area, by far the biggest and most important sector, of India's rehabilitation. But problems like these confronting India cannot be solved overnight. They require well-directed and unremitting toil by the people working under inspiring "localized" leadership in every village. During the days of Gandhi's freedom struggle every village produced its leader or leaders, and the Indian National Congress gained an emotional charge that carried it through to freedom, achieving in the process many-sided reforms. Today a great part of this fine leadership is lost to the villages. Politics, regional and national, has absorbed the best of it. People cannot wholeheartedly devote themselves, as Gandhi had intended they should, to the real tasks of national rebuilding—from food onward.

In a few areas where local leadership is still available the schemes have borne fruit, illustrating the need for such initiative and direction. The tremendous enthusiasm that Vinoba Bhave, one of Gandhi's great disciples, stirs wherever he moves with his band of followers, bringing an echo of Gandhi's message to the public's hearts, is a further indication that the people are looking for guidance. It must also be remembered that the people who looked to the Indian National Congress to lead them to freedom continue to think, by force of habit and logic of expectation, that the Indian National Congress, now that it is the government, will next lead them to prosperity. But effective Congress leadership is now too busy in legislative and administrative work, or in industrial and other gainful pursuits, to pay much attention to the villages save for an electioneering visit. Gandhi's prophetic vision had foreseen this when he advised the Indian National Congress to transform itself into a party dedicated to the betterment of the lot of the people. But now party leaders have begun to bewail their loss of mass contact.

IN urban areas the middle class, vainly trying to hold out against the pressures and dislocations of India's planned economy, is finding itself gradually eliminated. Meanwhile this doomed class supplies powerful leadership and drive to the political parties of the Left.

Nehru, who Mr. Sheean considers a spiritual extension of Gandhi, is seventy, and fortunately in the plenitude of his power. Experience has mellowed and not dimmed his vision. The one leader whom all trust and respect, Nehru still has work before him to put the ship of state on an even keel before handing over the helm.

Omitting no aspect of detail of Nehru's personality and work, and neglecting no point of view, either hostile or friendly, **"A Study of Nehru"** (Times of India, $6.50), a collection of sixty-one essays written by eminent men and women and edited by Dr. R. Zakaria, presents a total picture of the great leader. The authorship of these essays is shared half and half by Indian and foreign writers and ranges from members of the Nehru family to leaders of the opposition parties in the Parliament. Dr. Zakaria introduces the collection by a brilliant and brief life sketch of Nehru. It brings within the scope of one volume a record of world reaction to a world leader.

As a complement to the foregoing studies, **"New Patterns of Democracy in India"** (Harvard, $4.75), by Vera Micheles Dean, provides a brief but eminently useful analysis of the historical forces that have led to the happy East-West synthesis, and proceeds to a fruitful examination of the main ingredients of the new patterns of democracy that have been emerging since 1857. When India achieved her freedom she lacked some of the important factors that seemed to have made democracy workable in Western Europe: a numerically small population, outlets for emigration, adequate resources of food and raw materials supplemented by imports from overseas territories, and favorable prospects for effecting an orderly transition from a backward agrarian economy to an economy combining modernized agriculture with diversified industry.

However, one finds it difficult to accept the author's views on caste and the habit of thought it has generated. Comparing India's caste system to the social structure of medieval Europe, Mrs. Dean asserts that it not only served as a cement for a widely diversified society but also provided order and stability under conditions of flux. This view—not unusual to those who have observed caste habits in operation only from the outside and who have had no actual experience of caste—is something that even orthodox apologists of the caste system would hesitate to advance openly. Enlightened Indian opinion has outlawed caste. The system, as Mrs. Dean notes, is disintegrating slowly; some of Gandhi's most stubborn battles were fought against it.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Dean's conclusion is reassuring. She believes that, on the whole, India has done well, and its experiment in democracy has been a moderate success. Her inquiry will prove highly useful to those who wish to know India in transition. It is also valuable in some respects as a corrective, for it exposes the dangers of complacency and the lack of a sense of urgency.

Nehru enjoys a romp with children of Indian Embassy staff during Washington visit.

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Not By the Vote Alone

"Democracy Is Not Enough: A Personal Survey of the Hungry World," by John Scott *(Harcourt, Brace. 186 pp. $3.95), asserts that unrestricted franchise in semi-literate areas invites Communist control. Ernest K. Lindley received the Overseas Press Club of America's Award for his 1957 reports on the Middle East for Newsweek.*

By Ernest K. Lindley

"THE HUNGRY WORLD" is an apt label for the underdeveloped nations and territories of free Asia, Africa, and Latin America. These farflung areas, containing nearly two billion people and most of the planet's resources, are now great theatres in the cold war. Indeed, it is in them that the global struggle between Communism and freedom probably will be decided—assuming that we don't, by losing our nerve or our deterrent power, reopen the door to a thermonuclear war. In five years, John Scott, reporter and special assistant to the publisher of *Time*, has traveled half a million miles through the Hungry World. In "Democracy Is Not Enough" he not only reports what he found but outlines what we must do to keep the Hungry World free. Skilled in the high distillation of news-magazine writing, he does this in 186 very readable pages. More important, his main conclusions are sound—at least I think so, since, with a few exceptions, they jibe with those I have presented in my column in *Newsweek* as a result of similar firsthand surveys.

John Scott—Five years, 500,000 miles.

The imperative needs of the Hungry World are, as Mr. Scott emphasizes, education, technical aid, and capital. He implies (and I agree) that their requirements for capital have been generally underestimated. He proposes that we help to organize a vast world development fund to funnel approximately $7 billion a year into the underdeveloped areas. (In another place, Mr. Scott says he would like to see the U.S. use 10 per cent of its gross national product for aid and overseas investment, instead of the less than 1 per cent we sent abroad for these purposes in 1958. Ten per cent would be $50 billion or more.) He thinks that a sound development program for an underdeveloped nation should earmark at least 5 per cent of its gross national product for education and aim at the goal of local capital formation at the annual rate of 15 per cent.

Mr. Scott has deep misgivings about political democracy of the Western sort in underdeveloped nations, which he defines roughly as those with less than 50 per cent adult literacy and less than $200 a year per capita income. He goes so far as to suggest that in such countries the unrestricted franchise is likely to result, sooner or later, in the election of Communists, who of course will then put an end to free elections. Despite the success to date of the Indian democratic experiment—which he notes—he believes that the safer political course for most of the underdeveloped countries is being charted by such as President Diem of South Vietnam, Bourguiba of Tunisia, and Nkrumah of Ghana—strong leaders who believe in political democracy and permit some of its forms but not yet its full operation.

I agree. And, during a tour of seventeen Asian nations and colonies in 1959, I found that many Western-educated Asians had concluded that their countries were not ready for full-scale political democracy—at least not of the parliamentary type which several had adopted in imitation of their former imperial masters. The presidential type, with a powerful central executive, offers more hope of success. Moreover, in Pakistan and elsewhere, many Asian leaders are searching for a solution through indirect elections, whereby, for example, the adults of a village would elect their representative to a district body, and these village representatives would choose a representative to a regional group, and so on up the pyramid to an indirectly elected president and national legislative body or council.

Mr. Scott sketches perceptively the nature of the Communist challenge in the Hungry World: the appeal of its short cuts to material progress, the vigorous foreign educational, cultural, and information activities of the Communist states, their expanding foreign aid programs. He notes that the Soviet Union spent substantially more on a single youth festival, attended by some 35,000 young people from abroad, than the total annual budget of our U.S. Information Agency. (He commends—properly—the work done by the USIA.

At the present time the Communist appeal to free Asia seems to me to be less enticing than Mr. Scott indicates. In visiting Asia last year I found an encouraging growth of realism about Chinese, local, and even (though to a lesser extent) Soviet Communist purposes and techniques. The suppression of Tibetan autonomy, the incursion along the Indian border, the Chinese commune experiment, have opened the eyes of many Asians. Even the trend toward support of Red China among the overseas Chinese in Southeast Asia, which Mr. Scott reports, seemed to me to have been stemmed if not reversed by the new radicalism of Peiping's internal policies. Moreover, his opinion that, in one way or another, China is bound eventually to dominate Southeast Asia, seems to me to underestimate the will and capacities of the other peoples of that area. With our help in defending themselves against aggression and in developing their resources, there is no reason why they should not remain their own masters. That Mr. Scott is not completely fatalistic about Chinese domination is indicated by his conclusion that it would be a mistake for us to change abruptly our present China policy.

The favorable recent trends in free Asia in no way undercut Mr. Scott's major recommendations. Unless the free regimes of the Hungry World can produce better living for their people they will go down. Their successors eventually if not instantly, will be Communist. If the Communist empire spreads over Asia and Africa, we will be in grave danger of death by strangulation. As Mr. Scott so clearly sees, we must rise to the challenge of the Hungry World or perish.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Genius with the Knife of Life

"The Reluctant Surgeon," by John Kobler *(Doubleday. 359 pp. $4.95), is the biography of an eighteenth-century Scottish farm-boy who became a great anatomist in London. Ritchie Calder, C.B.E., past chairman of the Association of British Science Writers, and member of the council for the British Association for the Advancement of Science, wrote "Medicine and Man," "Science in Our Lives," and other books.*

By Ritchie Calder

THE LITERARY body-snatchers are busy again. They are resurrecting the resurrectionists, anatomizing the anatomists, and dissecting the dissectors. There is a vogue at the moment for books about surgery and surgeons. Perhaps it is a healthy sign that we want to read about other people's operations rather than talk about our own.

If there are to be such biographical autopsies, it is well that it should be done by people like John Kobler, whose "Reluctant Surgeon" is not only well written and conscientiously documented but treats a ghoulish subject with a restraint and an insight which lift it out of the morgue. It will leave any reader with an understanding of how surgery ceased to be a system of plumbing and became a branch of scientific medicine, firmly grounded in physiology and pathology. The "reluctance" of John Hunter was to the use of the knife when nature could do the job better.

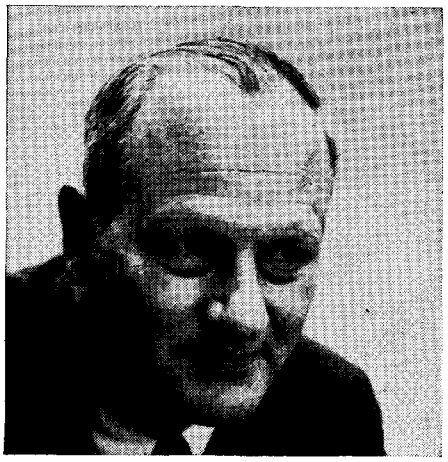
Apart from Ambroise Paré, learning from the shattered bodies in the battlefield; Vesalius, robbing the gibbets of Montfauçon to get his specimens, or Leonardo da Vinci furtively dissecting by candlelight in the catacombs, John Kobler could not have chosen a more remarkable person than John Hunter. To borrow Ruskin's description of Carlyle, he was "a northern God struck by lightning"—an uncouth Scotsman fired by genius.

To explain this extraordinary character, as well as to explain his achievements, Kobler has recreated eighteenth-century Scotland in a way that few historians, even Scottish ones, have succeeded in doing. Similarly his graphic description of the London in which the young Hunter became the familiar of the hangmen, the grave-robbers, the doxies, and the tosspots has the word-picture quality of a Hogarth.

One begins to understand this contradictory personality, rough yet gentle; violent in his angers (and his angina) yet patient with the sufferers; egotistical in his feuds yet self-immolating in his pursuit of truth; inarticulate, but a great teacher of great men. It even becomes plausible that a sensitive poet like Anne Home should have married him, and gone to live with his menagerie, his monstrosities, and his mortuary smells.

John, this farm-boy who turned barber-surgeons into gentlemen, and his brother William, man-midwife who became Royal gynecologist (and who fares better in this book than in most invidious comparisons), would be remembered if only through their students: Jenner, Astley Cooper, Abernethy, Parkinson, and the Americans, Bayley, Post, Waterhouse, Physick, Shippen, as well as, ironically, his victim John Morgan. The author succeeds in his device of effectively showing American medical life by using Hunter's proxies.

Apart from his achievements, Hunter's life was a series of tragedies: his family (even the two members who survived him) sacrificed to his premarital experiment of inoculating himself with venereal disease, without realizing the congenital implications; his quarrel with his brother; his sufferings at the hands of his maligners, and his death in anger. His student, and brother-in-law, Sir Everard Home, pirated his notes and destroyed most of them. Hunter had bankrupted his family and worked endlessly to amass the fantastic collection of 13,000 biological specimens and their acquisition for posterity is almost the "happy ending" of the book. However, one has to turn to the unobtrusive notes at the end to discover the culminating tragedy: that all but 3,000 of them were destroyed in the London blitz.



John Kobler—apart from achievements, a series of tragedies.

What is really refreshing about the book is its contrast with the boiled-shirt, tail-coated orations in which Medical Respectability tries to sanctify John Hunter, diminishing the man by attributing to spontaneous genius what was the result of hard work (and many mistakes) and rebellion against medical bigotry. John Hunter, with his angina, would have survived his modern eulogists no better than he survived his contemporary detractors.

"I am a pygmy in knowledge," he said, "yet I feel a giant compared with these men."

HIS ENEMY GROWS BOLDER: A little over a year ago, Alexander King (a some-of-the-time painter, some-of-the-time-writer, and all-of-the-time talker) burst upon the celebrity-worshipping world with all the noise and all the subtlety of an atomic explosion. The publication of his autobiography, "Mine Enemy Grows Older," was followed almost immediately by the first of his many appearances on the "Jack Paar Show." Mr. King charmed a nationwide television audience by verbally thumbing his nose at them and telling them what a bunch of idiots they were, awed Mr. Paar with his erudition and wit (a feat about as difficult as rolling a basketball down a steep hill), and guested and anecdoted his book into one of the top best-sellers of 1959.

Mr. King and TV were made for each other, and every time he spied the red light of a television camera he began hawking one of his most cherished beliefs: the conviction that Mr. King is an altogether fascinating man, with irreverent, hilarious, penetrating, and brilliant thoughts about almost everything. He was ready, willing, and able to tell the viewer (who was a sure bet to become the reader) his opinion of everything he had ever seen, heard, read about, or suspected. The public responded like Pavlov's dogs.

Mr. King had found his place in history and has now turned out still another volume of his personal memoirs. This one is called **"May This House Be Safe from Tigers."** (Simon & Schuster, $4.50). Like almost everything else in the book,

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the title is a switch on another old story that originally concerned elephants. The new book, off the past track record, will undoubtedly delight large portions of the American public since it is more of the same: King opinions, King anecdotes, King vital statistics, and King appraisals of his place in the gallery of the world's greatest storytellers and wits.

For those of you who haven't quite had enough details about his diseased kidneys, there are more stories concerning his innards: a report on his ulcers, his migraine headaches, an eye cyst he once had, his high blood pressure, and, of course (that best-seller occupational disease), his drug addiction. Also included in the new book are copies of letters *he* wrote to people, a reprint of a Jack Gould column on TV, some twenty-three sketches he made while taking the cure at Lexington, a story about a kindhearted prostitute, a tale about a couple of garbage collectors and their disenchantment with the quality of the new can-handler they're forced to work with, and a guided tour of Mr. King's childhood and early manhood.

To anyone who has been exposed to Mr. King—electronically, personally, or between the covers of his first book—it is in the best tradition of honest merchandising: exactly as advertised.

Alexander King writes and talks, for all the world, like a man completely certain that his readers and listeners are as fascinated by him as he obviously is by himself. Reading one of his books at a single sitting is a little like being cornered at a party by an articulate egomaniac who backs you against the piano and with a rather frightening total recall proceeds to expose you to the complete details of his life.

The world (all of it) filters into Mr. King's head and out his mouth, and it would never occur to him that we may just possibly know as much as we'd like to know about his intestines, his boyhood, his opinions, outrageous and sentimental (and curiously enough they are both), and his skill at reworking old stories, clothing them in his own peculiar style, and passing them off as mint-new. In "May This House Be Safe from Tigers" Mr. King has picked up where he left off in the last book, without pausing for breath. This one minority reader feels backed into the corner. And I wish he'd let go of my lapels. . .

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 2, 10, 1, 11, 8, 7, 15, 6, 9, 5, 14, 3, 13, 12.

USA

Thirty-four Eyes on Our Future

"The Search for America," edited by Huston Smith, *with Richard Heffron (Prentice-Hall. 176 pp. $2.95), and* ***"Is There an American in the House?," by David Cort*** *(Macmillan. 304 pp. $3.95), attempt to come to grips with the difficulties and dangers with which we are confronted. Joseph Wood Krutch is an editor-at-large of Saturday Review.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

BOTH of these books deal with civilization in the United States. The first is a symposium at which two editors coordinate the contributions of sixteen specialists, and it is intended to accompany a series of educational films. The second is by a maverick who speaks only for himself, who takes pot shots more or less at random, and who pretty much leaves us to draw our own conclusions. Faced with "The Search for America," it is easy to imagine him saying that you have it right here: a group of eighteen men who assume that the best way to understand anything is to have a "team" financed by a foundation and who end up with a series of moving pictures to be distributed by National Television Film Service.

In sober truth the cooperative volume does seem to me to illustrate pretty well the strengths and the weaknesses of such a procedure. Each of the earnest, informed men who compose the team is in some sense a specialist, and included are such eminent persons as Eleanor Roosevelt, Paul Hoffman, Margaret Mead, Eric Fromm, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Paul Tillich. They express their views clearly, concisely, and often with passionate sincerity. Yet, as is so often the case with formally organized "interdisciplinary symposia," one misses the free play of personality, the flavor and the daring of independent, self-programmed thought. Each contributor is, paradoxically, limited by the fact that he must "cover" his subject and even more by the further fact that, having accepted a foundation subsidy to study a problem, he must in all decency come up either with a solution or with a pretty confident program for arriving at one.

In his introduction the senior editor says that the purpose was to ask "what we would like to become" and adds that "the net effect is not soothing." Yet one reader cannot escape the feeling, first, that though an individual may legitimately give his personal opinion on what we ought to want to become, a symposium like the present, in which there is really little controversy, gives an unpleasant impression of something being handed down from on high; second, that if "the net effect is not soothing" in so far as this means that difficulties and dangers are recognized, it is nevertheless unfortunately soothing in the strong implication that all men of intelligence and good will agree both as to the facts and as to what should be done. True, the section called "Race in America" is discussed from three somewhat different points of view. Otherwise the book is largely "noncontroversial" in the sense that it reveals few if any sharp differences of opinion and presents, usually as truth rather than as opinion, the prevailing liberal orthodoxy. Inevitably there is often a certain blandness that is almost smug.

Consider, for example, the opening section, "What Are We For?," by Eleanor Roosevelt and Huston Smith. One may pass over the question whether any two individuals have a right to use a "we" which includes all true Americans in a question which is also answered so completely. However, there remains a calm disregard of certain difficulties which to one reader seem real. "The aim of the United States should be to build a *peaceful* world of *autonomous, prospering, democracies*" and we must do this by making our fundamental policy "a channel through which we pour our resources and energy to remake the world." But is it really wise to make so unqualified a statement without even asking (1) whether the whole world *can* be made prosperous for long without some sort of population control and (2) whether the implied assumption that strong, autonomous and prosperous nations are never guilty of aggression is sound. Does history support this second assumption? Is the first question not raised because it would be "too controversial"?

Or take the section "Crime and Delinquency," by Bertram M. Beck. Both crime and delinquency are, he admits, rising faster than population. The as-

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sumption once so dogmatically made by sociologists that this is due entirely to the "underprivileged" in our unjust society Mr. Beck dismisses as demonstrably untrue. Nevertheless he comes up with a newer sociological theory just as dogmatically asserted: "The criminal or delinquent act is essentially an act of the excluded. A person who feels himself an integral part of society does not lash out at the society that includes him." But is it really not worth asking whether "included" persons don't sometimes steal because they would rather take than earn, or commit rape because of impulses too primitive to be blamed on "society"? Are all men so naturally good that an external cause must be sought for any act not purely unself-regarding? Isn't it worth while even to listen to those who have suggested that the rise in delinquency may have something to do with a loss of belief in individual responsibility, and in good or evil as absolutes; or that the decline of discipline and the increase in "permissiveness" may have something to do with it?

Blandness, at least, cannot be charged against Mr. Cort, who was formerly on the staffs of both *Life* and *Time* but has recently devoted himself to articles for various magazines, including *The Nation* and *The New Yorker*. He is less often engaged in telling us what we can do to be saved than in indicating how far we are from salvation. Usually his subjects are less inclusive than those undertaken in "The Search for America" but his vigorous discussions are full of facts as well as of opinions not afraid of being controversial. Those who find him only irritating will call him "muckraker," to which he would probably reply that there is a great deal of muck which needs raking.

Alongside the larger topics discussed in the other book might be placed, for example, his article on the menace of the automobile, a subject presumably not considered important enough to be mentioned by the sixteen; or his slashing mélange of facts, figures, and judgments on advertising, the vulgarities of mass communication, etc., etc.—the latter, by the way, also not treated by the sixteen, perhaps because the determination to tell everybody what to think in a series of 16mm. films each running twenty-nine minutes might raise eyebrows.

There is much in Mr. Cort's book that irritates me, too, but he no doubt expected to irritate. And, for my taste, "The Search for America" is too much concerned with indoctrination, too little with wide-open discussion, to be very interesting. I found Mr. Cort's willingness to hit out freely more stimulating.

Sub-Surface Focus on the Fifties

"Our Times: The Best from The Reporter Magazine," edited by Max Ascoli *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 502 pp. $6.50), offers a perceptive, unorthodox view of the Fifties. Herbert Brucker is editor of the Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

By Herbert Brucker

THIS is a history of the 1950s, told in three dozen articles. There is hardly a line in the book that is not readable. And there is a lot that is penetrating.

The common thread in these selections is reporting in depth. But it is hardly objective reporting. Like their source, *The Reporter* magazine, the articles here reprinted take a point of view that is deliberately different from the dominant folklore of their time—which was hardly objective either. The purpose in all of them is to look below the surface of the usual assumptions.

The contributions in this anthology were published in the years from 1949 to 1958 inclusive. They cover a wide range. Here is the most exhaustive, documented study yet of the China lobby, which turned out to be a lot more than its well-heeled domestic mouthpiece, Alfred Kohlberg. Here is a clinical account of the dirty, and growing, business of wiretapping. Here is a report on atomic fallout in and around Nevada, not as put out by the AEC but as gathered by independent reporters who suspected the worst. Here is the American culture of today's "Only Yesterday," as revealed in the automobiles of California and the daytime radio.

Here, too, are those headlines alumni, Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers, and here is that fabulous and phony "most cheerful graveyard in the world," Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Los Angeles. Here are chapter and verse on how the McCarthy nightmare did hurt the innocent. Here, too, are literature and philosophy, the anatomy of public relations, Claire Booth Luce as U.S. Ambassador to Italy—and much more.

For a bonus there are a couple of offbeat essays, one on what it is like to be a little girl in 60° below zero in North Dakota, and another picturing marriage customs in Ceylon. Here and there is verse that, like the prose, is wholly intelligible. Again like the prose, it takes a look below the surface.

Some might dismiss all this as strictly for eggheads. Yet why should that be? The things that are here are a part of all our lives. If the slant is what might be called liberal, or what an earlier generation might have called

(*Continued on page* 72)

"This sort of thing never happened to us when we had our Chevy."

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Saturday Review

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The Permanent Explosion

HENRY GEORGE once likened the plight of mankind to that of a bull which has become entangled in its tether, and which is thus restrained from grazing in the rich green fields surrounding it. In like manner, said George, most of mankind, entangled in its own ignorance, was powerless to enjoy the benefits of the high civilization unfolding before it. One wonders what George would have said about our own generation, in which Americans have free access to one of civilization's prime benefits—public education—but seem, many of them, to regard it primarily as a chore and a bore, a sort of protracted fraternity hazing which is the harsh precondition of membership in the affluent society. Of course, the really urgent question is not what Henry George would have made of this curious state of affairs, but rather what *we* shall make of it. For unless we isolate and nullify the causes of our apathy toward the intellectual process, we will find ourselves seriously diminished.

If America's youth is its oldest tradition, anti-intellectualism is quite possibly its second oldest; at least, it is by way of being the King Charles's head of our cultural history. This indifference of ours to the life of the mind and to the play of ideas has been explained variously and ingeniously. There are those who hold that "mass man" is not educable above the level of the three Rs; that, coursing through him, far below the reach of cognition, flow dark, mindless currents which defy all rational attempts to contain and channel them. Other analysts assure us that because America is a patchwork of cultural oddments, we can hardly expect to sustain the sort of high, concerted intellectual tradition possible in "homogeneous" cultures. Still other theories are pivoted on the pragmatizing influence of the American frontier, on the stultifying effects of our assembly-line economy, and on the presumed debilitation and near-collapse of our system of morals.

We have no quarrel with any of these theories. We lean, however, to another theory. If the solvent adult American misunderstands the intellectual process, it may be because his world is expanding at a rate much too fast for comfort. There was a time when a seminal idea or a watershed event came along only infrequently, making its appearance against a seemingly permanent background of "unalterable law." For years after its advent, savants would gather about the new arrival, remarking its size and luster, and minutely tracing its relationship to the main body of ideas and events. Today, however, momentous events have themselves become the norm, the shimmering backdrop against which the stable concept or institution stands forth as a freak of nature. Our world has become a permanent explosion.

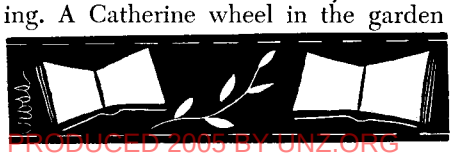
However, the average man has to live with all that glitter and excitement, and the effect is often totally unnerving. A Catherine wheel in the garden at dusk is a pretty thing; but a whole garden full of spinning Catherine wheels is too much of a good thing. Viewing the improbable world of the 1960s through concepts deriving from the 1920s and 1930s, everyman is shaken to his foundations. Consciously or otherwise, he retreats into a severely delimited world. What matters is job, family, social circle. Whatever his previous condition of intellectuality, the world of ideas and events becomes at first irrelevant, then a bore, and finally an acute irritation. Those who dare strike out into the crosscurrents of this outer world seem to everyman to be motivated by madness, false pride, or some obscure subversive impulse. When his neighbors ask his opinion of the education "problem," he fits the problem into the Procrustean bed of his new outlook. As he sees it, the question is one of more schools, more teachers, higher salaries. Such questions as "more schools for what" strike him as querulous and contrary, unless they can be related to the Soviet threat. Thus our once-shook-up everyman achieves the calm, stable way of life which he sought for himself and his family, but it is the calm of a countryside which lies under a glacier.

The paradox, of course, is that some of the very same people who have harsh views on intellectuals are now warning against the danger of a scientific, social, and economic Pearl Harbor. They don't go so far as to favor the declaration of a state of emergency which would bring about forced conversions to intellectualism, but now that they are advocates of intellectualism they show not much more awareness of its processes than when they were its detractors.

The intellectual condition—what it is, how it works, what it feeds on, and what it can do—calls for a reasonable degree of knowledgeable understanding. A thinking society cannot be hothoused into being. It requires more than a declaration of emergency.

America's "space men" are undergoing an elaborate regime of mental and physical toughening designed to prepare them for the anticipated rigors of life beyond the pull of gravity. Can we groundlings not, likewise, train our body politic to withstand the 20-G stresses, the veritable Brownian movement of forces and processes which will buffet us during the space age? America doesn't move forward only in terms of Pearl Harbors. The question before the house is not whether we are men or mice but whether we are men or dinosaurs of the species whose enemies could eat away half their vitals before danger signals reached the walnut-sized brains located in the head and hindquarters.

—H.B.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ONE WHO KNEW WASHINGTON

Apropos Marshall Fishwick's excellent article on George Washington, "The Man in the White Marble Toga" [*SR*, Feb. 20], I would like to quote what a contemporary, a friend and fellow fighter in the Revolution, thought of him. Among the papers of my great-great-great-grandfather, Thomas Johnson, first Governor of the State of Maryland, is the following, written in September, 1815, near the end of his life:

". . . I received [many letters] from General Washington in the course of a long and intimate Acquaintance and Friendship which I was honored with. Nor were our frequent conversations less reserved. Some of them I could now repeat almost verbatim, so impressive were his penetration, his wisdom, and the purity of his mind. How I loved him and how I love his memory."

Then he adds wistfully: "That we are to pass into another state of being after Death I hold for certain. Some imagine that we shall have a remembrance of and something of the Feelings of Relationships and Friendships in this life with improved powers of communication. If this should prove to be the state of things, may I meet Washington beyond the grave."

If we can penetrate the stately, archaic language and picture this old soldier and statesman reliving the past, alone with his memories of Washington, one finds the marble image less forbidding; one sees a beloved, congenial friend who is acutely missed.

Barbara Avirett.

Baltimore, Md.

HALF-TRUTHS AND CONSEQUENCES

It was quite refreshing to read in the February 13 "Tools for Teaching" issue of *SR* the articles by John E. Ivey, Jr., Frank Jennings, and Arthur W. Foshay. Here are persons who have been pupils in our schools, taught in them, worked in many ways to improve them, by planning, study, research, and possibly by other means. Why can't we give these people more of a hearing than they are getting? When half-truths are published by some journals from the pens of lay persons (usually for pay), the schools and children are victims of a great disservice.

If we can help these lay persons to acquire a little more learning about what is now known about education, it may help to guide changes into appropriate channels. I congratulate *SR* on this issue.

A. R. Mead,
Emeritus Professor of Education,
University of Florida.

Gainesville, Fla.

THE PUPIL AS TEACHER

Thanks for the fine focus effected by Messrs. Ivey, Foshay, and Jennings in "Tools for Teaching." The provocative challenge of advancing the latent teaching talent inherent in the student himself offers one of the promising answers to the "academic population bomb." The tools for self-instruction, however, are woefully inadequate. Mass communications media stressed by the authors offer a partial panacea to the "bomb" but do not in consequence achieve the desideratum of "self-instruction."

Redesigning and reorienting existing materials, such as textbooks and workbooks, in almost every discipline, can enable the beginner effectively and efficiently to master the essentials of a given subject matter on his own; the teacher is then freed to concentrate his efforts on making that subject matter capable of "generating something beyond itself." Some preliminary experiments in this direction have been of sufficient encouragement to warrant our delving deeper.

Edward J. Kormondy.

Oberlin, O.

"Here's a good one! This book says Martians have been among us for years—mingling with the people—"

WHOLE CLOTH

Robert Payne's valued review of my novel "The Bronze God of Rhodes" [*SR*, Feb. 6] has one small error. The story of Demetrios's robe was not "completely fabricated"; it was only, let's say, half or three-quarters fabricated. The Rhodians did capture Demetrios's wardrobe and send it to King Ptolemaios as told in the novel (Diodorus XX, xciii 4). The details of the costume are based upon descriptions by Plutarch and Athenaeus of some of Demetrios's other getups. I merely added some fictive detail.

L. Sprague de Camp.

Wallingford. Pa.

AUTHOR VS. CRITIC

I find Mr. Edmund Fuller, who reviewed my novel "Orphans in Gethsemane" [*SR*, Feb. 20], a bit naïve when he assumes that the protagonist and I are at all points the same person; feels that I think Judaism and Christianity responsible for all our ills (only for some of them); imagines that I invoke a protective magic against my judges; finds too many "assaults of lubricous women"—did he mean slippery or sexy? If the latter he could really have damned the book by saying that there isn't a single assault in a thousand pages. And he feels that the novel is overweighted with ideas. What I should like to know is why in this country a book like "Lolita," borne down from beginning to end by lechery, is called a masterpiece, whereas a book with a burden of ideas is called a diatribe. . . .

More seriously the matter is this: Mr. Fuller finds himself "in utter disagreement with all of Fisher's philosophy"—and what can this mean except that he is throwing out, not Fisher, but rationalism, humanism (I refer him to a review of the same novel in *The Humanist*) and, it appears, any intellectual inquiry that challenges beliefs that have been born out of hope and fear?

But I am happy that he did give Alan Swallow, the publisher, his due.

Hagerman, Idaho.

Vardis Fisher.

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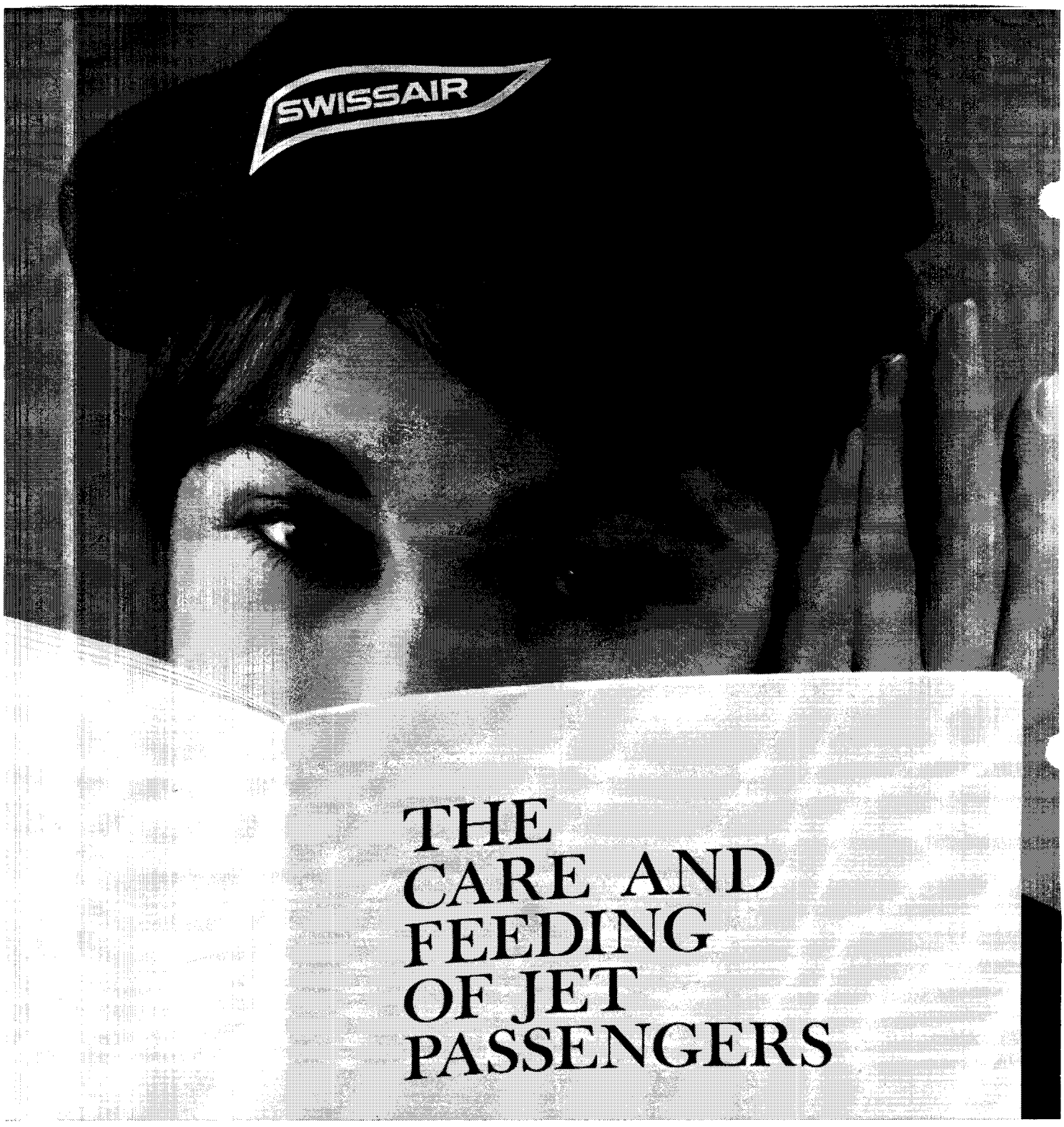

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Before we start flying our new jets in June, we'd like to assure all our friends (including you we have yet to meet) of this: the manner in which we have served you in the past will not change one little bit.

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And as all this is going on, gigantic new Swissair jet hangars are nearing completion in Zurich. Their counterparts already have been completed in New York. Here, we will have the facilities to service our aircraft the only way we know how—with the care of a watchmaker. As, in fact, many of our maintenance people actually are.

These are but a few of the unseen efforts that so conscientiously go into the care and feeding of Swissair jet passengers. To sum it all up, we call it SWISS-CARE. You'll know what we mean the moment you board your first Swissair jet flight. *From New York, beginning in June, we'll be flying big new Swissair Douglas DC-8 Jetliners right to the heart of Europe.* From there (with increasing frequency during the summer) we will have swift new Swissair Caravelle jets to speed you on to key cities in Europe and the Mid East. Just call your travel agent or local Swissair office for reservations.

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SPRING and the TRAVELER

FIRST there are the stirrings, faint but identifiable, the longings for the cobbles of the Cotswolds, a soft Camembert on a side street in Paris, a splash on the cheek breeze-blown from the fountain in the Piazza Navona, the strange reeds of the *sardana* played for dancing on a square in San Feliu. Then there are the folders blooming on the dining room table, unfolding their colorful petals long before the first crocus or the most precocious tulip shows its tip through the hard crust of winter earth. Three-quarters of a million Americans will be stirred to cross the Atlantic, not counting those heading in other worldly directions, and those in search of domestic dells. Behind this week's cover drawing of Rome's Spanish Stairs by the brilliant Chinese-American artist Dong Kingman, whose recent show at the Wildenstein Gallery was a sensation of the Winter art season in New York, are words on Rome's summer Olympiad, together with reflections of that city by sportswriter Red Smith and novelist Irwin Shaw; some remembrances of Oberammergau by Dr. George Shuster, recently retired president of Hunter College, who was in post-wartime Land Commissioner for Bavaria; a report direct from Brasilia by designer-architect-writer George Nelson, who was director of design for the American National Exhibition in Moscow last summer; a discourse on the Floriade, Holland's world's fair of flowers, by Joseph Wood Krutch, among whose works is the recent "Gardener's World." Ships to sail on, books to dream with or travel by; ideas, suggestions, memoirs, and temptations are all a part of the nearly forty pages for peregrinators that follow. —H. S.

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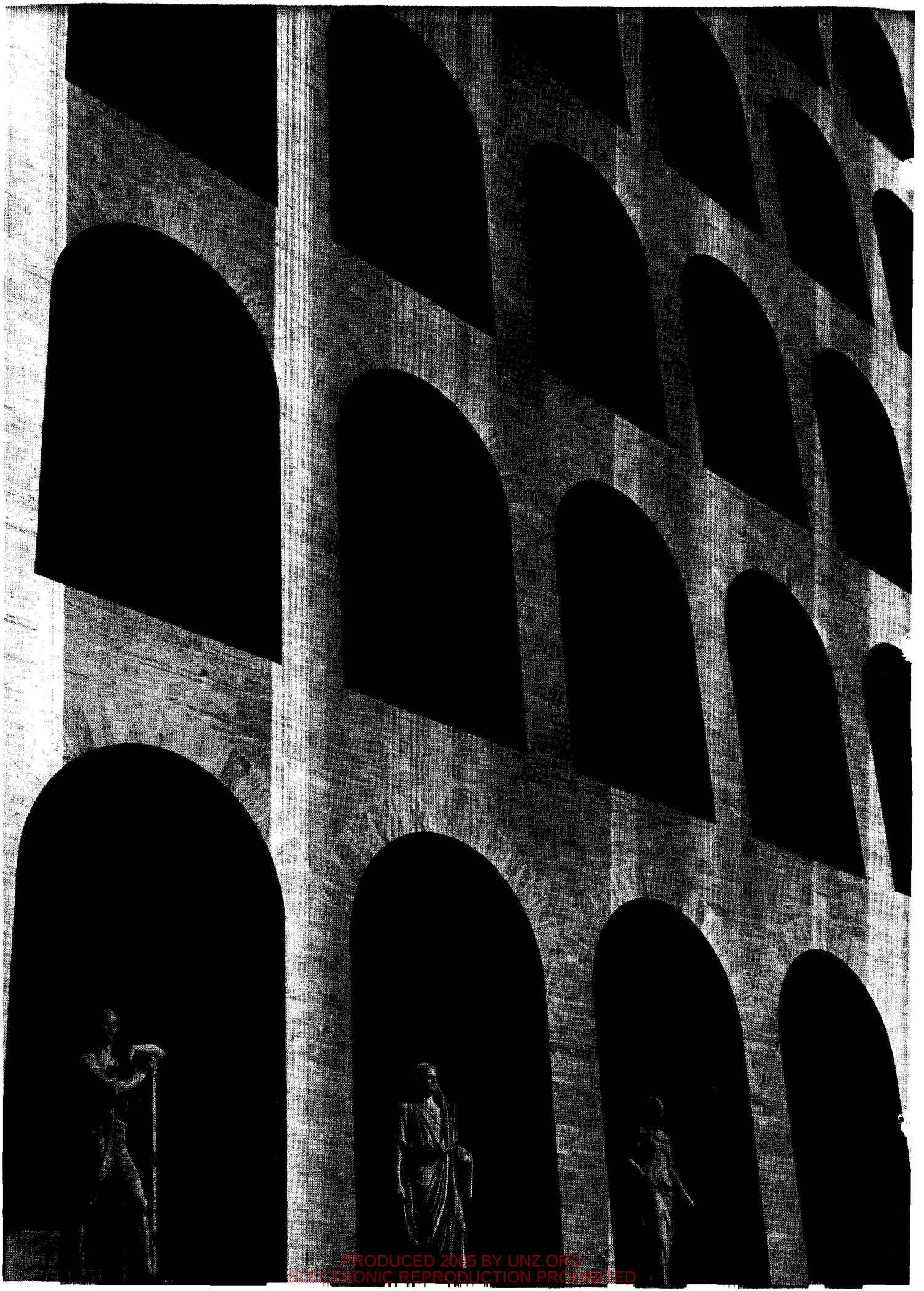

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ROME

the summer olympics

By HORACE SUTTON

NOT THE LEAST of the curiosities of this year's summer Olympiad in Rome will be the transport of the torch from the classic temple at Olympia in Greece to the doors of the Olympic Stadium, née the Stadium of 100,000, in Rome. When the torch-bearers set sail aboard the *Amerigo Vespucci,* the Italian midshipmen's vessel that will carry the flame across the Mediterranean to Syracuse, the ship will be following the route of the Grecian city-states' culture as it spread westward across the sea, first to Sicily, then northward along the Italian peninsula.

The *Amerigo Vespucci* will not—history shall not be forged!—pull up at the docks at Syracuse, but at the offshore Isola di Ortigia, where the Greeks first landed. From Syracuse, with its Greek theatre where Plato was once a spectator, and its famed cathedral refashioned from a Greek temple of twenty-five centuries ago, the torch goes north to Catania, then onward past the clifftop resort of Taormina, where the new society sits in the old Greek theatre and views Mount Etna through the proscenium. From Messina the torch travels to Reggio, then up the arch of the boot through the Ionian towns of Locri, Caulonia, Crotone, Siri, Meta, Ponto, and Taranto; past Paestum where the Greek temple of Neptune, a relic of the fourth century B.C., is still virtually intact. Onward and northward the runner will travel through Monte Circeo, Castelgondolfo, the summer home of the Popes, and into Rome. There he will climb the cobbles of the Clivo Capitolino, a portion of the old Roman road traversed by triumphal processions on their way from the Forum to the Capitol. Atop Capitoline Hill the relay runner will pause before trotting off on the last lap that will bring the torch to the stadium and 100,000 spectators to their feet.

History has not exactly been overlooked in the 1960 Olympiad. Indeed, the aura of heritage will hang heavy in the air, like the perfume of a garlic clove percolating in a pot in Trastevere. The winter edition of the games may have been played in a brash young Western valley upholstered for the occasion, but the summer session will unfold against a backdrop that is redolent of ancient civilization and Roman days of derring-do. Wrestling, a sport with a heritage of its own, will be staged in the Basilica of Maxentius, built by the Roman emperor who succumbed to the onslaughts of Constantine at the Battle of the Milvian Bridge in 312. Gymnastic competition will be held nearby in the Baths of Caracalla which, except perhaps for the Colosseum itself, is the largest mass of ruins in Rome. In the flower of its day the Baths of Caracalla comprised a giant clubhouse where Romans could be steamed, oiled, soaked, and regaled with gossip and politics. They could buy new clothes, new scents, new books, and could listen to readings of

←—*Rome's Palace of Civilization (H.S.)*

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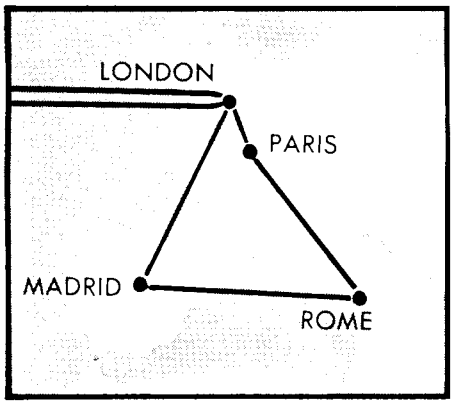

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Paris next. Ah, Queen among cities! Place Vendôme, the Rue de la Paix, Place de l'opéra, the Eiffel Tower... you'll see them all by motor coach. And the Folies Bergère, too. Then a day at Fountainebleau and Barbizon. What glories of the past!

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the latest poems. Women bathed separately in asses' milk, and slaves toiled silently in the tunnels under the brilliant mosaic floors. More than 1,600 bathers could be accommodated at one time, and the place was so large that Ammianus Marcellinus was moved to say it was itself as a province. Antonino Caracalla inaugurated the baths in 217, and they remained in use until the sixth century. But then came the Goths and ruin, and the baths, many centuries later, became the romantic setting of the summer opera.

Marathon runners will pad along the via dei Fiori Imperiale, the avenue that stretches from the Piazza Venezia to the Colosseum, splitting the forums in two. At the Colosseum the Romans tossed Christians to the lions; from the balcony above the Piazza Venezia, Mussolini tossed braggadocio to the crowds. Around the Colosseum the athletes will run, then past Caracalla to the via Appia Antica, still paved with the old stones installed by the Romans when they built it as a military highway to supply the legion then spread as far afield as England. Bits of statuary remain; columns and fragments of great stone faces lie in the shade of the spreading umbrella pines. Gypsies lead their wagons over the road and dreamers and lovers come on week-ends. Cushioned in the deep pile of a romantic heritage, they dream, drink Frascati, and dawdle away the idle spring and summer days.

There will, of course, be no dawdling for the runners, who may enjoy naught but a fleeting sense of history as they stride over the hard, flat cobbles. Then they must turn and head back into central Rome for the finish at the 1,600-year-old Arch of Constantine, which lofts its graceful curves alongside the Colosseum and provides shade during the siesta hours for snoozing carriage drivers. Built by the Roman Senate, the arch honors Constantine's Milvian Bridge victory over Maxentius, who was drowned in the Tiber.

THE summoning of so many ancient amphitheaters for the Roman games is not to say that all events will be performed against the heavy cloak of bygone grandeur. Two Olympic centers of sport have been developed, one at the north end of town around the Foro Italico, which Mussolini began as the centerpiece of his own forum, and one at the south end of the city, where Il Duce had planned a world's fair for 1942. The athletes will live in an Olympic Village at the north end of the city, in 8,000 rooms built on stilts. A highway divides the sexes. Just in back of the village is the tiny new Palazzetto dello Sport, a flying saucer held down by concrete struts, which will be shared by the weight-lifters and basketball teams. The Stadio Flaminio next door, with its rakish steep stands, is solely for football.

Crossing the Tiber by that historic Milvian Bridge will land one at Musso-

(*Continued on page* 65)

—*From "Italy's Book of Days."*

The old one-two was supposedly invented by Georges Carpentier, but the Italians have discovered the punch on this vase painting of twenty-five centuries ago.

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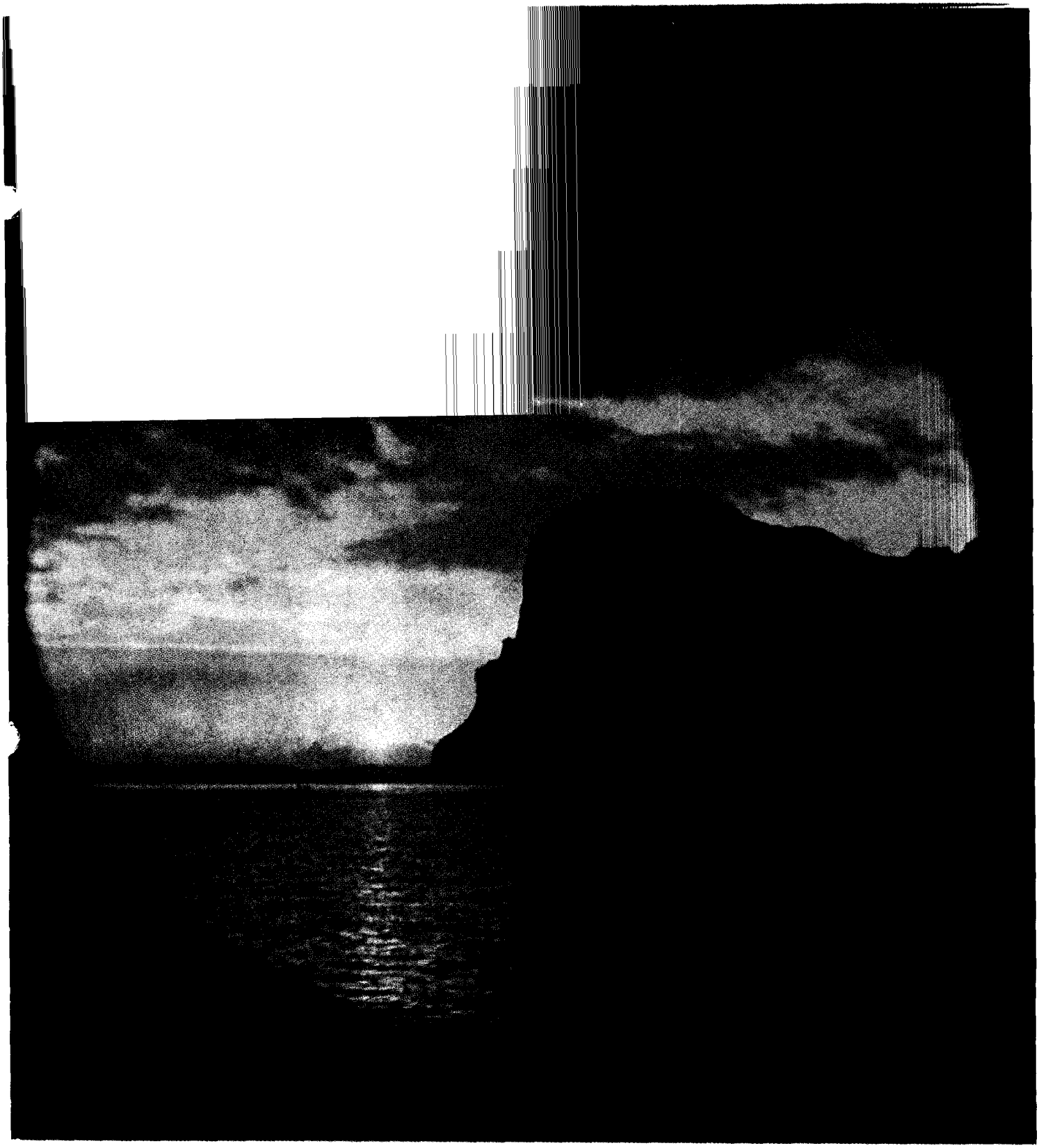

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What was your day like, on your ship?

You felt that tired old self become still more of a stranger.

Never once did you think of the ragged cares of your everyday world that only hours ago blocked your horizon so hugely.

You laughed. You stretched.

You reached out and tried all you could, but never touched the bounds of your new horizon-to-horizon world!

You reveled in the space that was yours to live in. The size of your ship. The very size of the air around you, ringing with laughter and fun as you've never known it.

And your evening, now, will be filled once again with the rich pleasures of a kingdom that belongs to you, generously shared with those who share your ship.

Soon, soon, your ship will slip into port.

But the beginning of your adventures in Europe will have started here. All to be remembered as one—the going and the being there, the happiest trip of your life—to Europe by ship.

All to be recalled, again and again, with love.

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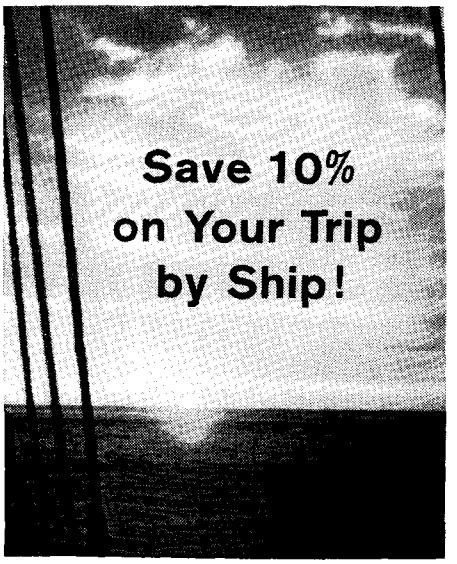

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THE SPORTSWRITER'S ROME

RED SMITH: Within two hours of my first arrival in Rome my normal vague confusion—which I carry everywhere along with my dacron underwear—was complicated by an impression that by some error I had fetched up in the Catskills of New York. In the Excelsior lobby I had walked smack into the Biff Joneses and Jack Martins. Biff is the rugged old warrior who used to coach Army football, and Jack, who operates Bear Mountain Inn near West Point, is almost surely America's greatest host.

We dined that evening in the dovecote that Mussolini feathered for his lady friend. Jack's laughter rattled through the halls where Il Duce had whispered sweet Fascist nothings, sharpening the curious sensation of having got my continents mixed. Back at the hotel, Jack dropped the others off but asked me to ride on with him.

It was a soft night, with the lightest of misty rains. The driver parked and Jack led me to a balustrade. "Know where you are?" he asked, and then it hit me.

Chances are all visitors in Rome feel it—the immediate presence of the mighty past—but perhaps not always with such sudden impact, for there in the floodlit night I made out the columns of the Forum softened by the mist, the crumbling curve of the Colosseum.

That's when the love affair started, me and Rome. I've paid two hit-and-run calls on her and look forward to a longer stay for the Olympic Games, an admirable carnival because it gets me abroad on expense account every fourth year. I want to amble in Villa Borghese, sip Frascati in Via Veneto, and walk down, not up, the Spanish Stairs. More strenuous pursuits I'll leave to the marathon runners pounding along the Appian Way over the same pavements trod by Caesar's legions.

THE NOVELIST'S ROME

IRWIN SHAW: It is dawn in Rome and here and there the sound of a Vespa, hammering against the sienna walls, is heard, and the bells of various churches, among them Sant'Andrea della Valle, Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, Santissima Trinità dei Monti, San Lugi de' Francesi, Santa Maria della Pace, salute the new day, after the nightmare night.

Mass is being celebrated in the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, for five old women in black shawls, rheumatically bowed over on the cold and drafty stone floor, listening to the sleepy young priest saying, Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison, before going off to the day's work scrubbing floors in hospitals, office buildings, hotels. The market is being set up in the square near the Farnese Palace, flowers and artichokes from Sicily and the red oranges and the *sogliole* and the *cefali* and the *triglie* from the Mediterranean and the bricklike triangles of Parmesan cheese and the *mortadella* and salamis and the white, wet eggs of mozzarella piled on straw. The last, hilarious customers are coming up from the mulatto's basement night club on the Via Veneto, laughing loudly, speaking half a dozen languages, and starting their cars with a roar of motors on the bluish street. . . . The Tiber flows in its stone banks past the Castel Sant'Angelo and the Palace of Justice, flows under the stone bridges, a narrow, tamed stream to have flowed through all that history, on its way past Ostia toward the sea, past Ostia Antica, which has once been a thriving port of two hundred thousand souls, and is now only excavated ruins and a restored open theatre in the wintry green fields, spreading toward the black lava beaches.

The clear, wintry Mediterranean dawn, pale green and cold rose, touches the white jerry-built walls of Parioli, built by Mussolini's millionaires and added to by Marshall Plan millionaires, touches the dome of the Vatican, the tops of the willows in the Borghese gardens, touches Garibaldi's bared head on the great statue in the janiculum with a peaceful, deceptive, hopeful light.

—From "Two Weeks in Another Town"
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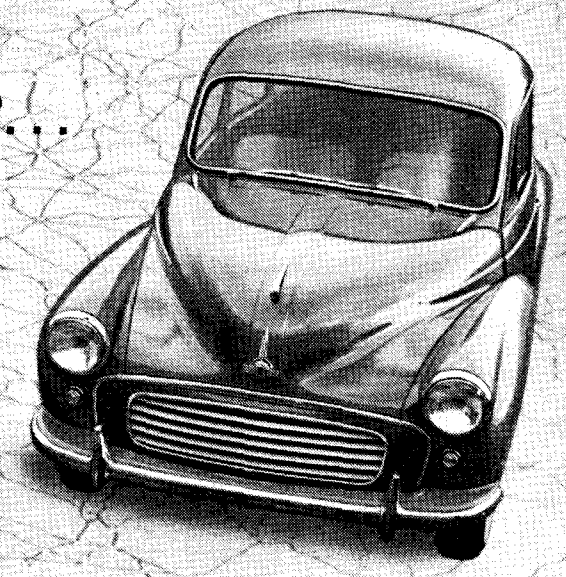

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out of the trackless bush, a national capital

By GEORGE NELSON

BRASILIA

AT SANTOS DUMONT Airport in Rio you get into a plane and fly north and west. You are on the last lap in a series of jet-powered leaps that have taken you from New York to the new capital, Brasilia, created out of the Brazilian bush. Coming south now on Varig Airlines Caravelles, the flight plan sounds like a cruise. New York to Nassau in three hours, then Nassau to Trinidad in three and a half. Another three to Belem, three more to Rio. Twice a week Varig brings its new jets into the new capital. On this last lap you fly for a scant two hours, almost all of it over land as empty as Monument Valley. Then, after some 600 miles, there is a stir of excitement in the plane; people lean over to the windows, press forward to the flight deck. Presently there appear up ahead great gashes in the red earth and, at closer range, huge clusters of ultra-modern buildings scattered over a spread of miles. Seen in the vast emptiness of the central plateau, the sight is as shocking as a camel in the Antarctic.

In the little wooden terminal, a crowd jostles, drinks coffee, greets new arrivals, gets on planes. People are lean, brown, relaxed, dressed in jeans or chinos. Inevitably, images of our own West come to mind. Outside, Jeeps and VWs, the two cars which have taken over Brasilia, wheel in rust-colored dust and disappear. In the distance one sees the fantastic bunches of towers. It could be a movie set on a scale that would have pauperized even a De Mille, but it isn't. Even so, the fact of so much gleaming modernity in the middle of 250,000 square miles of nothing is too much to grasp. So you leave the airport for the capital-to-be. Through miles of scrub and scraggly trees goes a road laid out on the scale of a major superhighway.

Almost everything about Brasilia verges on the fantastic: the boldness of the concept, the scope of the planning, the truly incredible speed with which the city is going up. But there is nothing fantastic about the reasons for it. Here is a country as big as the U.S. with an extra Texas thrown in. Its central regions are bursting with natural wealth while its population clusters in the old cities on or near the seacoast. Since the interior is empty there are no roads. Without roads the resources are inaccessible. The country craves rapid industrial development. What to do? Brasilia is one of the answers, and a very daring one. Far from the coast, in the heart of the region awaiting exploitation, a magnet is being constructed. A magnet for people, for roads, for money. To make sure the magnet works, it is designated the national capital. Brasilia is going up in extreme haste because in Brazilian politics it is almost a point of honor for a new administration to abandon the projects of its predecessors. President Kubitschek, who dreamed the dream and could not, by law, be reelected, had only three years in which to make the dream come true. When Kubitschek steps down from office, his successor will have to continue, for by then the functions of federal government will have been moved out of Rio.

What makes Brasilia so utterly remarkable is that the breathtaking sweep of Kubitschek's vision has been matched

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by the architects. This is no mere collection of large buildings, but a very powerful expression. It happens that Brazil is fortunate in her architects: for thirty years they have maintained a position of international leadership. Brasilia, planned by Lucio Costa, its major buildings designed by Oscar Niemeyer, will be the first complete, concrete image of the twentieth century that a layman can understand by simply looking at it.

The architects talk about the city in a relaxed, almost detached way. "It isn't really a city yet, just a framework," says Costa. "It will take ten years to become a city."

"Everything we have done here is really quite simple," says Niemeyer. "I have tried to make the buildings beautiful. Beauty lasts."

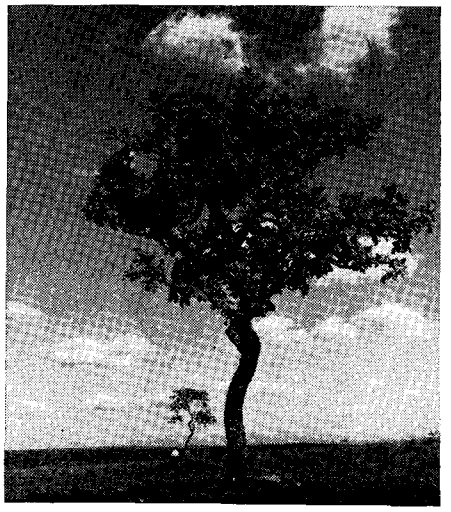
"They didn't give us any time," explains Costa. "We started less than three years ago. So the plan had to be simple and straightforward. There is a major axis, with the most important government buildings on it. There is a minor axis, through the main housing blocks. Where the two cross, we are building a concrete platform on which we have located the entertainment center. Nothing remarkable. It's just a town."

"There are many mistakes," says Niemeyer, "but what could one do? They are in a big hurry. That hotel you are staying in had to be designed in one week."

Niemeyer, who gave up his Rio office to work full time on Brasilia (as a government employee at $250 per month), has a drafting table in a construction shack, a telephone, and apparently no secretary. There are perhaps two dozen draftsmen in an adjoining room. One of his chores is the making of hundreds of on-the-spot decisions in the course of a day.

"They are always asking Oscar what to do," said one of his assistants.

"Don't you have people who could help?" I asked. Outside there were



"250,000 square miles of nothing."

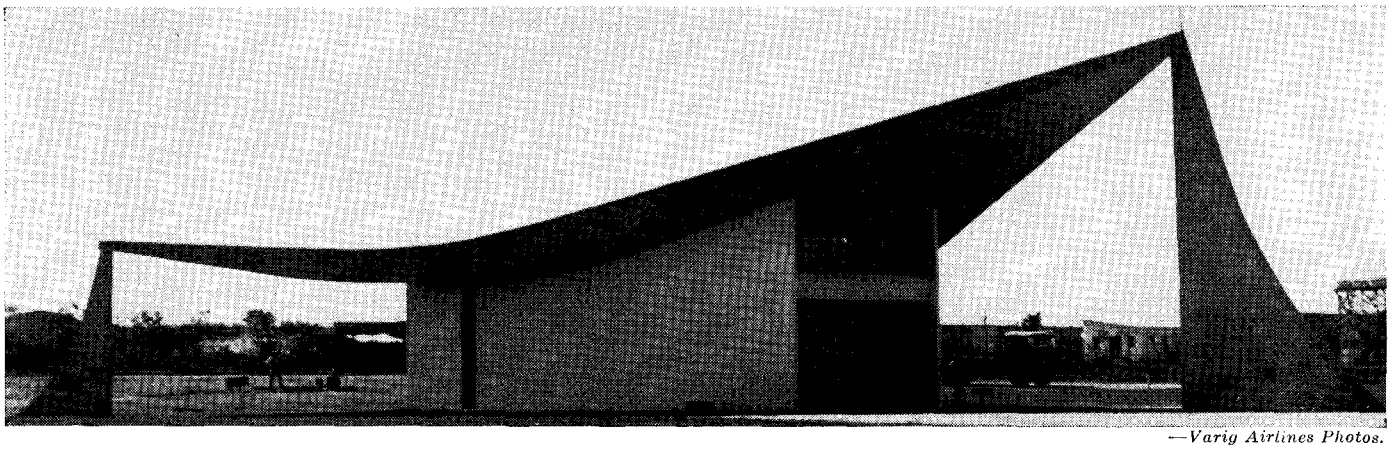
some 45,000 workmen who were doing, in effect, what Niemeyer had told them to do.

"Oscar isn't an organization type," he replied. Suddenly he laughed. "You know, if we had been organized we never could have done it."

There is no way of getting at the essence of Brasilia by describing its components. Like other cities, it will have fire stations, drugstores and a golf course. Its most spectacular features, as one might expect, are at the heart of the town, where the top functions of government are exercised. Here again, Brasilia differs from other capitals only in the form and placing of the required structures. One comes closer to an understanding of the special character of the city as one begins to realize that problems taken for granted in older cities simply do not exist here. Traffic, for instance. It is unlikely that there ever will be a traffic or parking problem. The town's design accepts the motor vehicle. Other city problems, such as adequate light and air for all dwellings, do not exist. These amenities have been built in. Safe play areas for children, good school buildings, decentralized shopping—these things also exist. It is a strange experience to be in a town where the typical urban problems have been eliminated.

All this suggests that Brasilia is a functional design for a community, and while this is true—at least by comparison—it still does not quite take one to the heart of the matter, for the excitement of this place could not be created by a functional solution alone. Niemeyer comes closer when he talks about beauty, but I could imagine someone finding Brasilia's architecture far from beautiful, and still sensing the excitement it generates. My best guess is that the impact lies in the force with which an image of modern life has been presented, not at one level, but at many. For example, a town designed to let motor vehicles move around cannot have close-packed buildings on narrow streets: the workable answer puts high buildings in parks, leaving plenty of room for cars. In this sense, Brasilia naturally looks "modern" because it is. But the expression goes much deeper. One of the products of modern life is the bureaucrat, the "organization man." In Brasilia the government ministries are housed in two rows of absolutely identical office buildings. They give the impression of glass-sided beehives. At 5:00 P.M. the bees (stingless) swarm home to the "quadras" — superblocks filled with eight-story apartment houses on stilts. In the morning they swarm back again. The architectural statement—identical offices, identical apartments—is truthful, disturbing, but also humane. People can live and work decently here. For the individualists who will reject life in Brasilia's crystal palaces, there is no straitjacket: there are other kinds of work, and there is plenty of land where a man can put up his own house. The power of the architectural image lies in its multi-layered truth. Brasilia, in other words, can be enjoyed and evaluated like any other work of art; and its creators, like other artists. The significance of the image lies in its

(*Continued on page* 67)



—*Varig Airlines Photos.*

Church in Brasilia—the first complete concrete image of the twentieth century that a layman can understand simply by looking at it.

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—German Tourist Information Office.

OBERAMMERGAU:

after ten years, the passion play in bavaria

By GEORGE SHUSTER

DURING THE past several months Oberammergau beards have been carefully grown and groomed. The hair of maidens falls from their heads in streams. Passion Play time is approaching and the village must be ready. It is a pleasant village indeed, built in the style which the Bavarian mountain country loves. The walls of houses are brightly painted with figures and maxims, the streets are wide, the church is never empty, the inns are substantial, and the prices they charge have been regulated by community decree. The whole has its special quality, for which they Germans use the term *gepflegt*. That is, although people and animals live here, and right lustily, no chicken bones and egg shells, to cite Ruskin's special abominations, are to be found even in the alleyways.

Several hundred thousand people will plan to see the Passion Play this year, and an equal number will wish they could. The crowds will be extraordinarily well behaved, for the spectacle to be witnessed casts a religious spell on everyone. There is no faking or mummery about this undertaking. Getting ready for it is strenuous community work in a spiritual as well as in a physical sense. To qualify for even a modest part one must have led a blameless life. Only a small portion of the proceeds goes to reward the participants for their time and trouble. The village has been offered fabulous sums for movie rights. I remember one enterprising American who was not going to take no for an answer. He kept on raising the offer until the amount was truly staggering. But so far as anyone could see not a soul in Oberammergau was tempted. It is of course true that the Passion Play helps to keep Oberammergau thriving, primarily because visitors see wood carvings made by village artisans and buy them. But each piece is authentic and well fashioned. Nobody carts merchandise in from a factory and palms it off on the gullible.

When the Play was last given, ten years ago, Germany was still living under the American Occupation, and I

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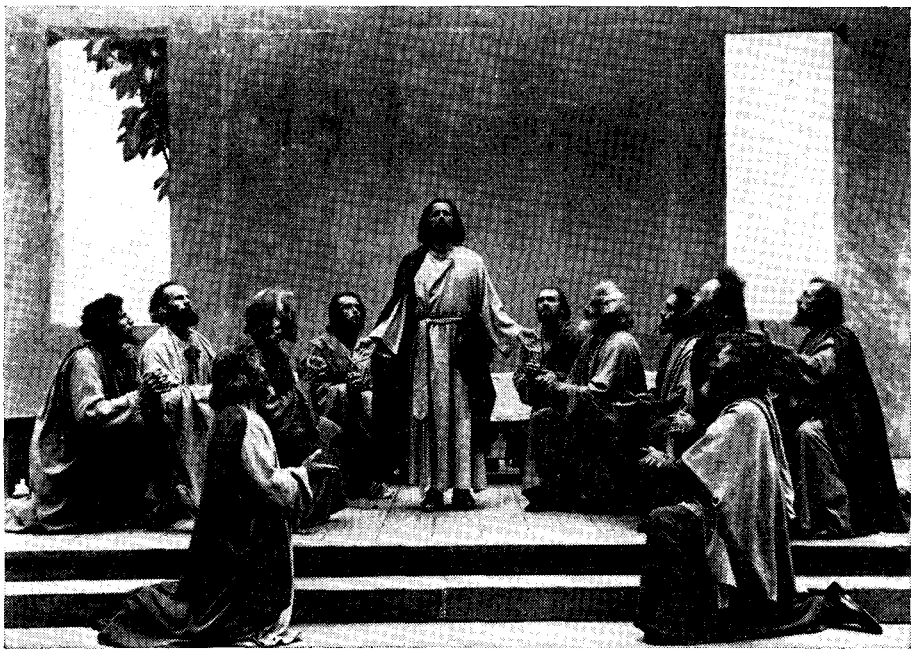

The Play—looked at from one point of view it is a baroque production . . . seen from another it makes one grip the seat.

The Village—walls of houses are brightly painted with figures and maxims, the streets are wide, the inn substantial, the church never empty.

was in charge of that segment of it which had to do with Bavaria. There was a question as to whether we ought to go and see it. The redoubtable Bavarian minister of culture, bearded and sternly religious Dr. Alois Hundhammer, held that a prominent member of the cast had been a Nazi and therefore refused to attend. Questions were also raised about possible anti-Semitic implications. But after everything had been carefully investigated by wily intelligence officers, the verdict was that although Oberammergau was not perfect in an imperfect world, there was no reason to stay away. Nevertheless I, for my part, went reluctantly. Being a person who takes both religion and art seriously, I feared that the spectacle would turn out to be a sentimental version of the greatest of texts, dreadfully mouthed by ham actors.

But after seeing the first part of what is virtually an all-day performance—it lasts from eight in the morning to six at night, with a two-hour interval for lunch—there was no doubt in my mind that what we were witnessing was honest, austere, very moving, and beautiful. The text is not Shakespearean, but has the feel of good homespun folk art. Looked at from one point of view it is a baroque production, which means that it is rich in pageantry and in choruses moving about with an ecstatic flourish. But seen from another it is a simple, stark retelling of the story of Christ's Passion, done with a realism which makes one grip the seat and say to oneself, "All this really happened!" The impact on the audience is almost overwhelming. It is a quite unforgettable experience to be one of more than five thousand onlookers, not one of whom whispers or fumbles about in his seat during the many hours of the performance.

The baroque in all its forms had spilled over into South Germany from Italy during the Counter Reformation time, and was refashioned into something quite genuine and new by a host of gifted architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, and poets. Therefore the best way to get ready for the Play is, if at all possible, to drive down from Munich and stop to see the monastery and church of Ettal, not far north of Oberammergau, just where the glory of the Bavarian mountains begins to unfold. Here is South German baroque religious art at its very best, still giving outer form to religious and educational endeavor. The long, flowing, dramatic rhythms of the structure and its adornment may seem almost worldly but they are not. They strive to open the door of the heavenly world just a little in order to show what sacrifice is for. In Catholic terms, the ascent is upward from the Cross. But one should stop at Ettal and not stay. You will need the night in Oberammergau to get the feel of the village and peasant life, unspoiled but not dour, out of which the panorama of the Passion rises.

The Play is presented in a theatre which protects the spectators from the elements, but does less well by the actors because an effort has been made not to lose all the flavor of the original out-of-doors setting. Accordingly the stage is divided into two parts. The rear section, where carefully designed scenes and tableaux are shown, is shielded, but the forestage is not. When I saw the play, rain fell in torrents during one hour of the afternoon. The result was that Judas, who has one of the more flamboyant roles, was almost inundated to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning. But he went on manfully—if that be a word applicable to so traitorous a character—and it seemed to me his lines took on added poignancy by reason of the intrusion of disapproving nature. At any rate, the structure makes possible easy transitions from elaborate massing of choruses, usually with musical accompaniment, to the central scenes of dramatic narrative and action. The climax is, one need hardly say, the Crucifixion scene, which might easily have been some kind of travesty, but

(*Continued on page* 69)

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Malta's national costume is still seen on many of Malta's streets.

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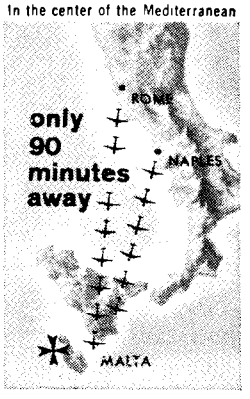

All this year, Malta celebrates the 19th Centenary of the landing of St. Paul in 60 A.D.

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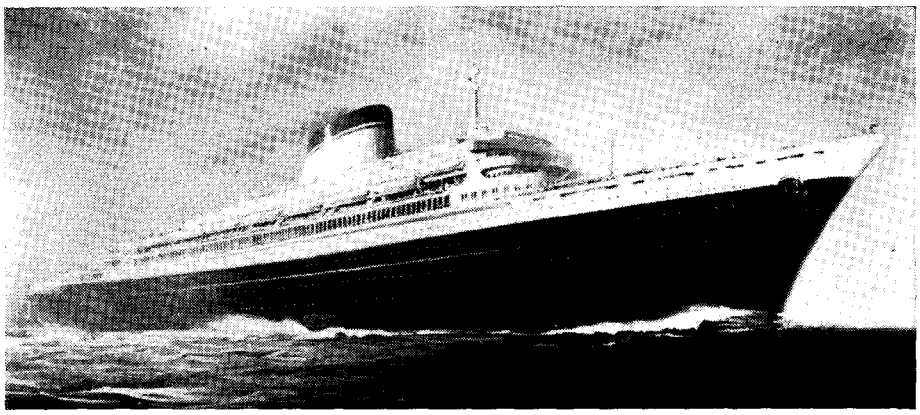
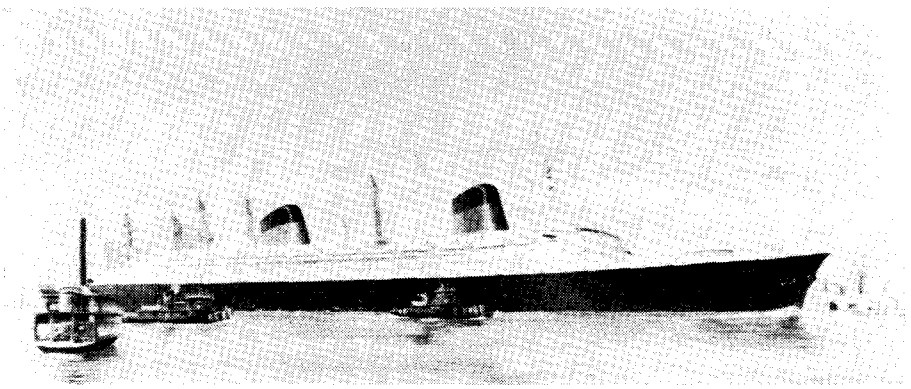
SHIPS OF THE SIXTIES

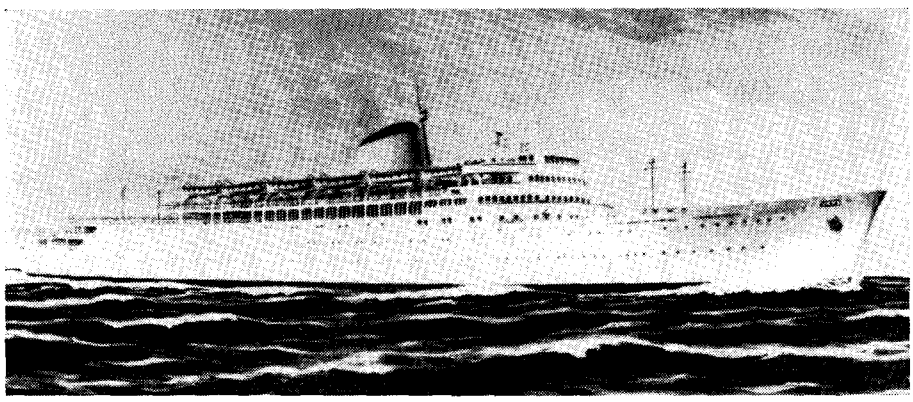
Although the age of the jet has arrived, fulfilling its incredible promise of six-and-a-half-hour crossings to Europe, ships are far from obsolete and ship travelers far from scarce. All during the soaring Sixties, while men make motions toward the moon, and work diligently toward speeds called Mach 2 and Mach 3 that will make Europe a two-hour flight from Manhattan, ships will continue to slip down the ways, bigger than ever, faster than ever, and bound for service in both our oceans. The new *Leonardo da Vinci* will hardly be outbound from Genoa on her maiden voyage next June when the Italians will lay the keels for two more giant liners that will cross from Gibraltar in five days. Two years from now the French will bring to port their first major liner since the *Normandie* came to New York in 1935. The year 1962 may yet see the arrival of the oft-talked-of $50-a-crossing ship. On the Pacific, meanwhile, the Orient and Pacific Lines, which floated five ships in 1959, will add two more this year, and another two next year to bring the first large-ship service to the western sea. Approved, but still waiting for a budgetary appropriation, is the U.S. Lines's new 2,000-passenger Atlantic liner, and the American President Lines's *George Washington*, which, when and if, will carry twice as many passengers as its present Pacific ships and will cut down the run to Japan by four days. Here are some of the anchors that will be aweigh as the decade unfolds:



1960: **Leonardo da Vinci,** sailing from Genoa June 30, has eleven decks, will carry 1,250 passengers in three classes. Air-conditioned top to bottom, with private baths in all but a fifth of the tourist cabins. Three outdoor swimming pools with infrared heating on the first class poolside lido.



1962: **France,** at 1,035 feet the longest ship in the world, will be the first French Atlantic entry since the *Flandre*. She will replace the *Ile,* stoke memories of the old *Paris* and French gaiety and gourmandry across the Atlantic. Outdoor and indoor pools, eleven decks, 2,000 passengers in two classes.



1960: **Victoria,** already in service, is built for cruising, has two pools on the broad lido deck. All one class, all outside cabins. Designed for pleasure, it packs an Italian crew, an Italian orchestra, Italian pasta on an otherwise Continental menu. Owned by Incres Line, whose S.S. *Nassau* sails to Bahamas.

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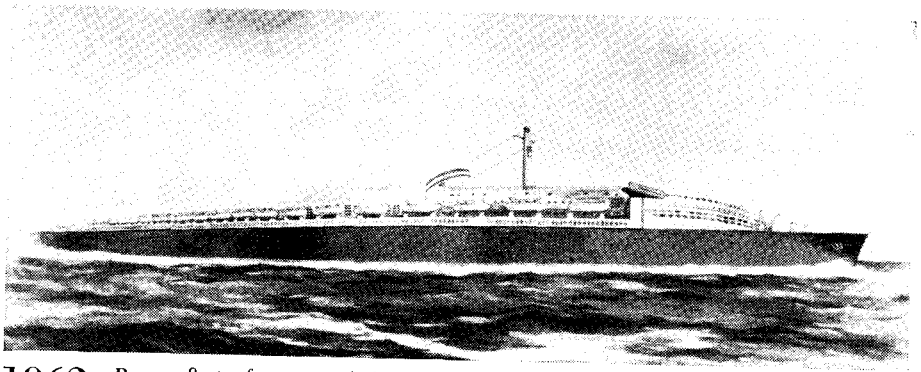
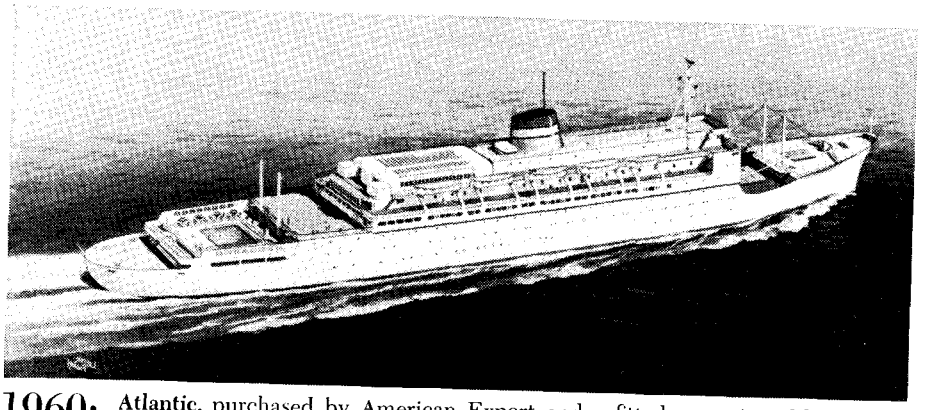
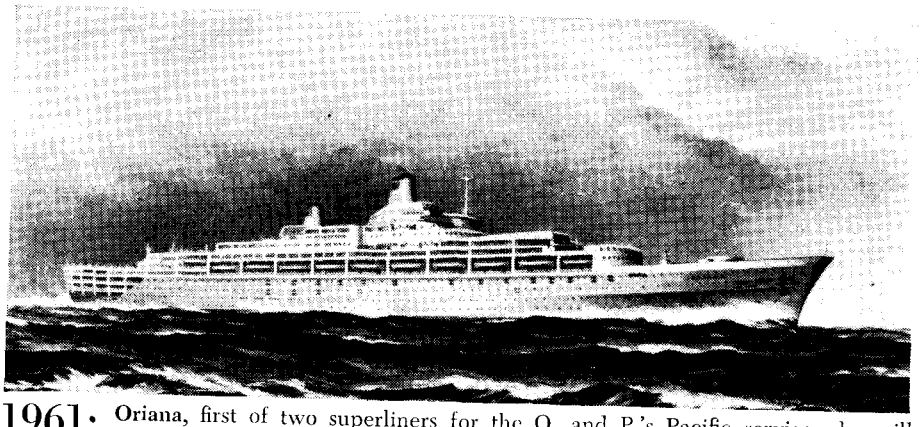


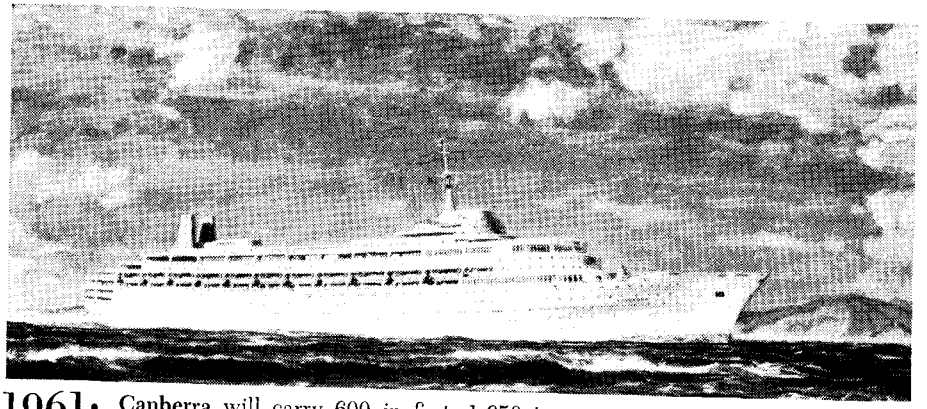
1962: **Peace,** first of two much-heralded superliners that will carry 6,000 passengers at rates as low as $50, may indeed sail two years from now. Refused subsidy by the U.S., hotelman H. B. Cantor will build in Germany. Ships will cross in four days. Entirely air-conditioned, private baths in every room, cafeteria meals.



1960: **Atlantic,** purchased by American Export and refitted, goes into May service as only U.S. flag tourist ship. It will sail every thirty days on a 12,000-mile cruise-type route to Spain, Italy, Greece, and Israel. Play deck and pool, private baths throughout, most staterooms accommodating two people.



1961: **Oriana,** first of two superliners for the O. and P.'s Pacific service, she will carry 638 in first class, 1,496 in tourist, with fares to Japan starting at $364. Also touches at Hawaii, Manila, Hong Kong, and South Pacific.



1961: **Canberra** will carry 600 in first, 1,650 in tourist, cruise at 27½ knots, help open a new area to tourist-class passengers. O. and P. will also serve Europe by way of the Suez Canal, call at the Caribbean, sail the Panama Canal.

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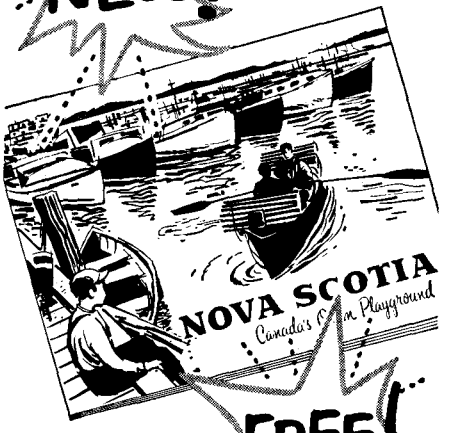

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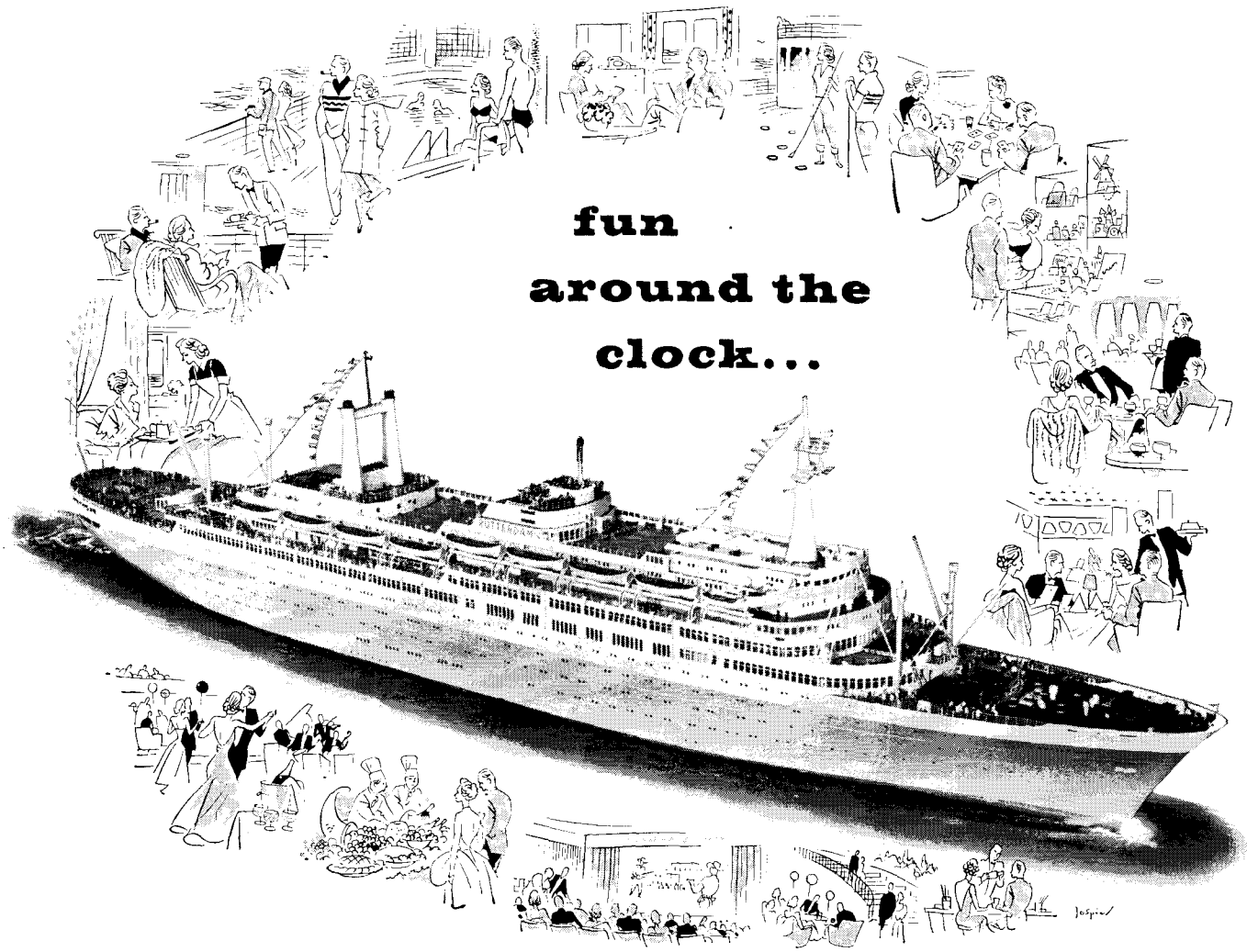

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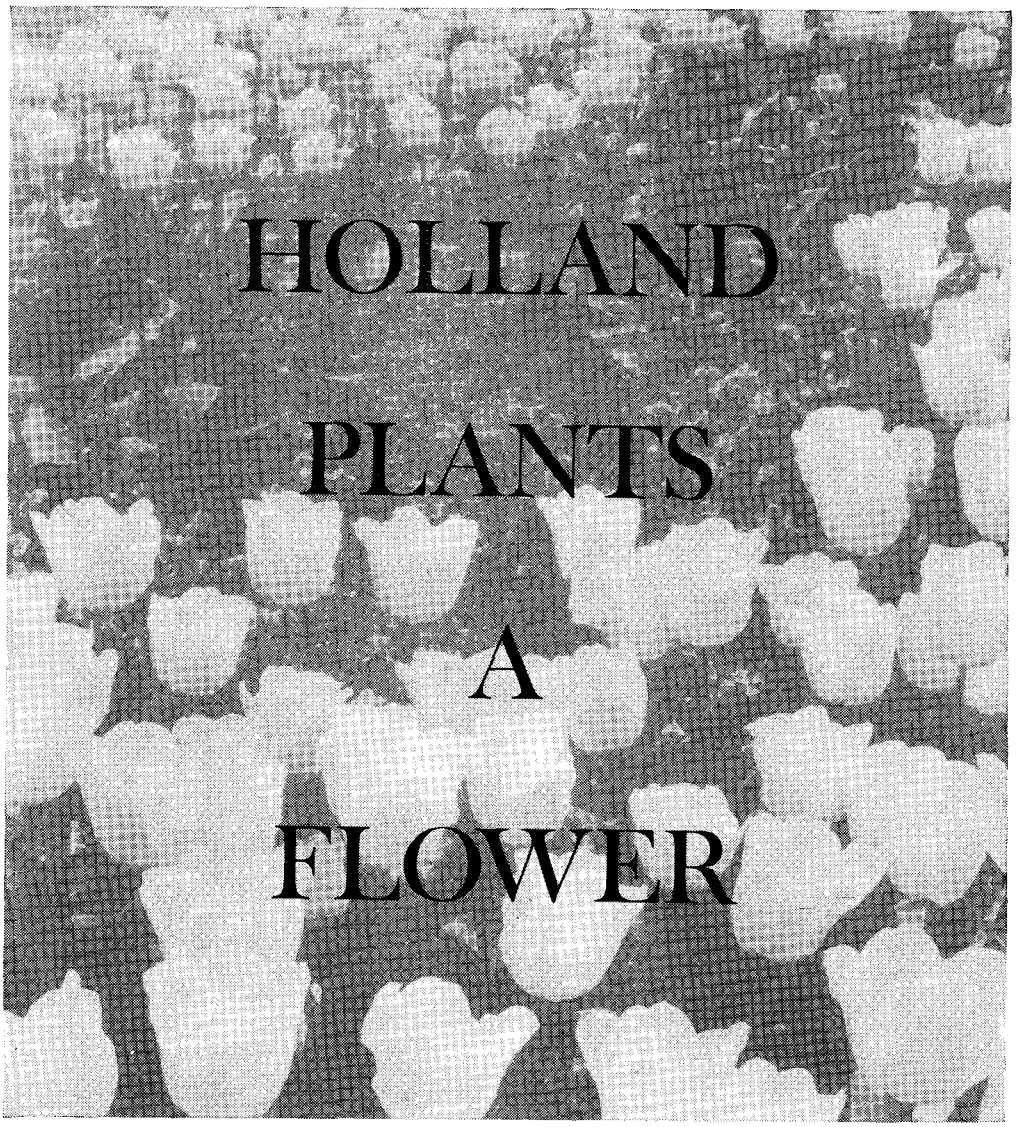

HOLLAND PLANTS A FLOWER

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IF LOTS OF tourists don't go to Europe this season it won't be for lack of special attractions. In fact to those of us who did our most extensive traveling before the war when you didn't go to see special attractions, but only the usual life and setting of other cultures, it sometimes seems that Europe is becoming more and more one vast Disneyland.

To meet all the competition Holland has come up with something new, namely a super-duper flower show called the Floriade, designed to attract gardeners, botanists, agriculturists, and in fact all who, for one reason or another, are more interested in what comes up out of the ground than in either Olympic weight-lifters or Mozart.

According to the official announcements, this bright idea would not have occurred to our Dutch uncles if 1960 had not happened to be (so they say) the precise 400th anniversary of the first arrival in Europe of that only rival of wooden shoes and windmills as quintessentially Dutch—namely the tulip. However that may be, plans for the Floriade were begun four years ago; Rotterdam has set aside 125 acres (including the principal city park) for the show. It will run from March 25 to September 25, or almost from equinox to equinox, and thus include everything from what W. S. Gilbert called the flowers-that-bloom-in-the-spring-tra-la to what a possibly greater poet called the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness. The bulbs will reign during the first two weeks; chrysanthemums, vegetables, and fruit during the last ten days. The most expensive tickets are on sale at 2.25 guilders.

Though Dutch in sponsorship, the show is also international. Belgium, Luxembourg, Sweden, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, Israel, West Germany, and France have all agreed to participate. The United States Congress has appropriated $150,000 in foreign currencies, and its part in the show will be a joint project of the Department of Agriculture and the American Horticultural Council. It is said to be the first time that the U.S. has ever participated officially in an international horticultural exposition.

DESPITE the fact that the turgid and turbid imagination of the public relations consultant is rather too evident in the advance notices, there is every indication that the show will be really worth seeing by the casual visitor as well as by the amateur or the professional horticulturist. The official

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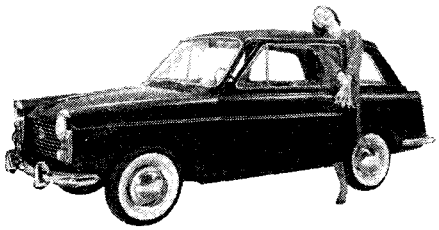

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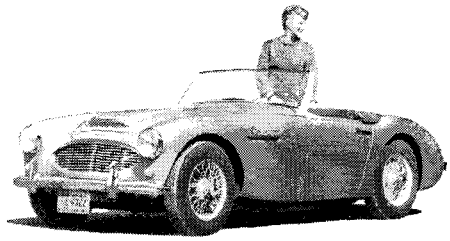

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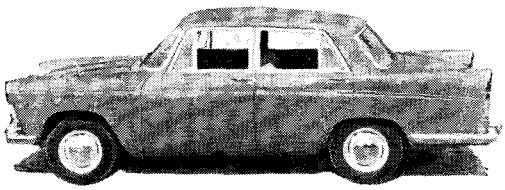

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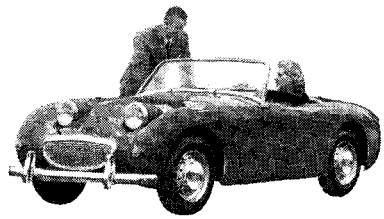

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name, Floriade (created, we are told, by combining the best parts of "Flora" and "Olympiad") is a monstrosity calculated to agonize the word-lover if not the flower-lover; and so is "Euromast," which will be the official designation of a 416-foot tower from near the top of which the visitor may look out, from a simulated marine wheelhouse, upon both the exhibition grounds and the port of Rotterdam. It will also contain three restaurants and is said to symbolize the slogan of the show, which is "From Seed to Force." If this symbolism is a little vague it can hardly be sneered at by those of us who shared the responsibility for the ever-mysterious symbolism of the Trylon and Perisphere.

However, and such showmanship aside, a varied group of exhibitions is promised. There will be, besides the gardens, a number of greenhouses, a reconstruction of the famous sixteenth-century botanical garden of the Dutch botanist Carolus Clusius, and some 160,000 square feet of indoor space for special exhibits, some of them highly technical. There will be, for instance, one devoted to sunlight and how it makes plants grow; others, sponsored by various Dutch laboratories, devoted to the advanced study of plant physiology and biochemistry.

Outdoors, and in addition to the more conventional floral displays, there will be an old Dutch country estate with the house furnished with authentic hand-made antiques. If you are eager to know (the present writer isn't especially) "What flowers does Princess Grace of Monaco like? What flowers are to be found in the gardens of Queen Frederika of Greece?" then "all the answers can be found at the Floriade, which has a special corner devoted to 'royal' exhibits" in which will be displayed plants, pictures, and garden ornaments from the gardens, hothouses, and terraces of the Queen of Holland, the King of the Belgians, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, the King of Sweden, the Queen of England, etc. Somewhat similarly, there will be "a new way of getting to know the Bible," provided by a Biblical garden in which many of the some 250 plants mentioned in the Scriptures are promised. (Unfortunately, the translators of the holy text, when they came upon the name of a plant they didn't know, simply put in the name of one they did, and to this day about all that can be said for sure about, for instance, "the lilies of the field" and "the Rose of Sharon" is that the first wasn't any kind of lily and that the second wasn't a rose. Still the grapes, olives, myrtle, oleander, cedars, lentils, etc., are authentic enough.)

Prospective visitors corrupted by

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"The first tulip to bloom in Holland opened its petals in the year 1560."

skepticism may be glad to know that the anniversary is reasonably genuine and authenticated by history. In fact, though many familiar flowers are known to have arrived in Europe at about a certain time (the lilac in the days of Queen Elizabeth, for example), the tulip is one of the few introduced before the eighteenth century which can be credited to a known individual and given a closely approximate date. In 1554 a certain de Busbecq, then on his way to Constantinople as ambassador to the Sultan from the Emperor Ferdinand I of Austria, wrote in his diary, "We were passing through a region where many flowers were offered us—Narcissus, Hyacinths, and those which the Turks call Tulipan." So far as is known he was the first European ever to see this flower and he later brought back a few bulbs. The Swiss naturalist Conrad Gesner, who claims to have brought the tulip into wide public notice, says he first saw one in 1559—which would suggest that to call 1960 the 400th anniversary is probably accurate enough for exposition purposes. And I am not prepared to question the statement that the first tulip to bloom in Holland opened its petals in the year 1560 in the gardens of the botanist Clusius, whose establishment is to be reconstructed at the Floriade.

In any event, so the program says, on May 5, which is Liberation Day in Holland, "a rattling old horse-drawn mail coach will re-enact the history of the tulip's travels from Turkey to Holland this spring. Following the once well-traveled post roads up through the Balkans and across Central Europe to Holland, the coach will arrive in the old Dutch city of Leiden. Busbecq, in full sixteenth-century costume, will step out of the coach bearing the tulip he

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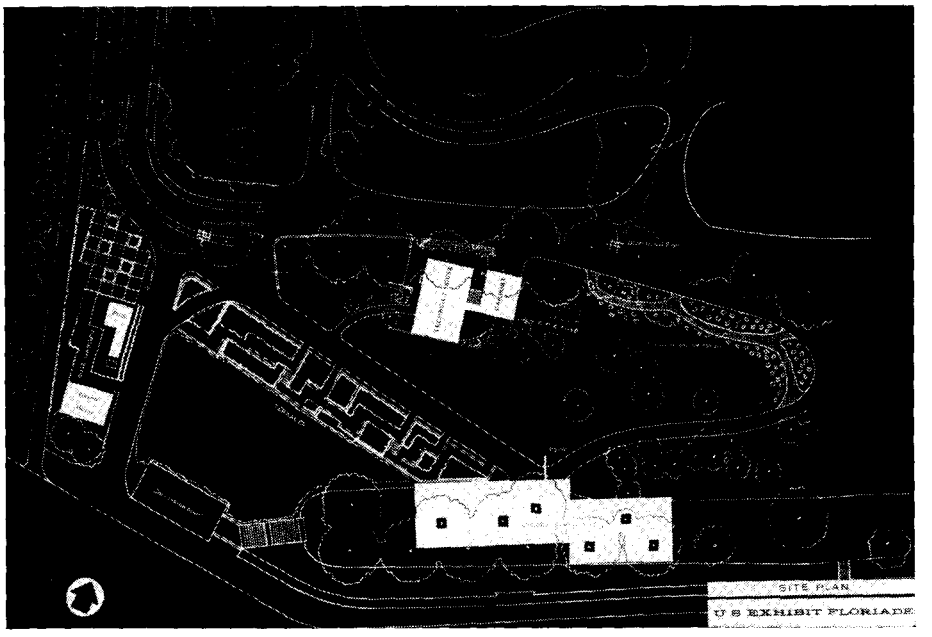

The U.S. at the Floriade—"a unique opportunity to show the world that Americans love flowers and trees just as much as other people."

has brought all the long 2,500 miles from Turkey. There in Leiden will be repeated the historic presentation of the tulip to the great botanist Clusius. The next day, May 6, the two tulip 'heroes' will ride together the old mail coach from Leiden to Rotterdam, for ceremonies in which they will present the symbolic tulip from Turkey to Dr. O. A. H van Nispen tot Pannerden, President of the Royal Dutch Bulb Growers Society."

The present writer is not prepared either to vouch for or to question the exact historical accuracy of all these details, but he is sure that something more or less like them might have happened and he does know that within a generation after Gesner first saw a tulip the mania was in full course and is said to have so nearly destroyed all other commercial enterprise in Holland that government action had to be taken and speculators rescued from contracts which the collapse of the bull market had made ruinous. One bulb is said to have been bought for 4,600 florins (more than 400 pounds sterling) plus a new carriage and two horses.

The American exhibit (much of it privately financed, by no means all paid for by the Congressional grant) promises to be very ambitious. There will be "a family garden" planted to bloom throughout the whole six months of the exhibition; a 5,000-square-foot garden of American-bred roses sponsored by the American Rose Society and All-America Rose Selections; a demonstration of urban gardening by the New York Horticultural Society; a cactus display by the Oregon Cactus Society, etc., etc. The Atomic Energy Commission will demonstrate the use of radioactive isotopes in studying biochemistry, and the Arnold Arboretum at Harvard University will also participate.

THE THEME of the American display, say the preliminary announcements, "will be how Americans really live: the kind of home they have, their furnishings and, above all, their gardens." Also featured will be a typical American garden supply shopping center, complete from chemicals and equipment to garden clothing. Emphasis will be upon the middle-income [look out, here it comes!] American way of life today." According to the Director General of the United States Exhibit Committee, the Floriade provides "a unique opportunity to show the world that Americans love flowers and trees just as much as other people" and he adds, "We intend to demonstrate that we are not a technologically one-sided people, but one of the most advanced nations horticulturally."

Somehow the present writer is beginning to wonder if Europe isn't getting a little tired of having us eagerly demonstrate that we are all things to all men. Maybe not; but if I were going to visit the Floriade I think I would be more attracted by the promise to show me "what a German can do with a small front garden" or to give me a chance to "take a snap of a genuine charming French garden and a French girl picking flowers" than by an eager protestation against the unjust notion that Americans don't love gardens just as much as anybody else.

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TRAVELERS' TALES

EASILY ACCESSIBLE to Americans only since 1956, the Soviet Union is still a frontier land for tourists. Until now, they have had to depend on scattered articles, not always reliable Intourist materials or, if they could find it, the classic Baedeker of the pre-World War I era, which could hardly take note of the many new attractions, such as Moscow's Museum of Safety at Work. Many of the 20,000 Americans who will visit the Soviet Union in 1960 will feel far less uncertain because of Irving R. Levine's **"Travel Guide to Russia"** (Doubleday, $4.95), the first full-length guidebook since Baedeker.

Mr. Levine, who spent four years in Russia for NBC and who has recently written a book on the everyday life of the Russian citizen, has produced an intelligent, simply written guide whose main virtue is an abundance of practical information. He has obligingly begun his book with a history of Russia from prehistoric times, and with that out of the way contributes a number of suggestions on how to get there, what to see, and how to cope with the unfamiliar lack of refinements and the perplexities of local custom.

Despite the new ruble exchange for tourists, travel in the Soviet Union is still expensive. We were pleased to learn about the new Pension Plan, which offers first-class accommodations and food, without guide, for $16 a day. There is even a tour which costs only $40 for fifteen days, for those who don't mind camping out between cities. Mr. Levine is specific about his suggestions and information. For example, his favorite sight is the Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum, if only for its macabre testimony to the Russian's highly developed science of preservation. He informs us that the Lenin Library employs over 2,000 librarians, possibly because the books on its 170 miles of shelves are arranged not alphabetically, but by height. Winter, he thinks, is the best time to go to Russia; it is less expensive then and the country looks as it *should*.

"Travel Guide to Russia" may disappoint the more enterprising travelers who want to take advantage of the opportunity to travel outside Moscow, especially to the Central Asian cities. Leningrad gets a comparatively brief treatment (twenty-three pages), the rest of the Soviet Union is covered

—Irving R. Levine NBC—From PIX.

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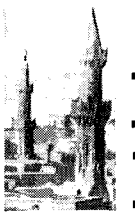
only superficially, and some now-accessible areas are omitted. Nonetheless, as far as he goes, Mr. Levine has written a conscientious guide, leaving to some other author a more detailed description of Russia's vast lands.

Sylvia Sprigge, who wrote the introduction and text to accompany the twenty-four photographs of **"Florence"** (Studio Publications, $5.95), has wisely not attempted to relate the history or furnish a complete guide to that magnificent city. But she has succeeded admirably in doing something much more difficult, to convey a notion of history and time against which modern travelers can view Florence's artistic achievements. For, as she notes, no other medieval European city has kept alive so continuously or so vigorously a tradition of skilled craftsmanship.

The full-page color photographs by Kurt Otto-Wasow, which are excellent and carefully selected, bear this out. The city's most creative days during the Renaissance become for the tourist effortlessly linked with our own despite Florence's somewhat altered landscape nowadays, the result of serious overcrowding and the ubiquitous motorbike. Though there are a few views of the ancient Tuscan countryside and the new city market, most of the photographs present the architectural monuments of the most important *palazzi,* museums, churches, and monasteries, as well as details of some of the great Florentine works of art. The text is superbly written by Miss Sprigge, who must know Florence very well indeed.

"France: A Portrait in Color" (McGraw-Hill, $7.95) is an unusual book in at least one respect: the Académie Française is not often so well represented in the pages of one document outside the rolls of that distinguished institution's meetings. Edited by the tireless Doré Ogrizek, this is a collection of short essays on France that includes such writers as Jules Romains, André Maurois, Marcel Brion, and Jean-Louis Vaudoyer, while short introductions to the two main sections of the book, Paris and the provinces, have been written by Jean Cocteau and Georges Duhamel. Two hundred fifty small watercolors, of varying quality, by a number of French illustrators brighten the text.

This collection of essays, compiled from three other travel books on France, is far from being a guidebook in the usual sense. Its descriptions of the provinces and the many small towns that make up Paris are general and convey the atmosphere of places rather than give specific information. Sometimes the portraits are meant to reveal the secrets of an old house, affectionately divulged by people who live in



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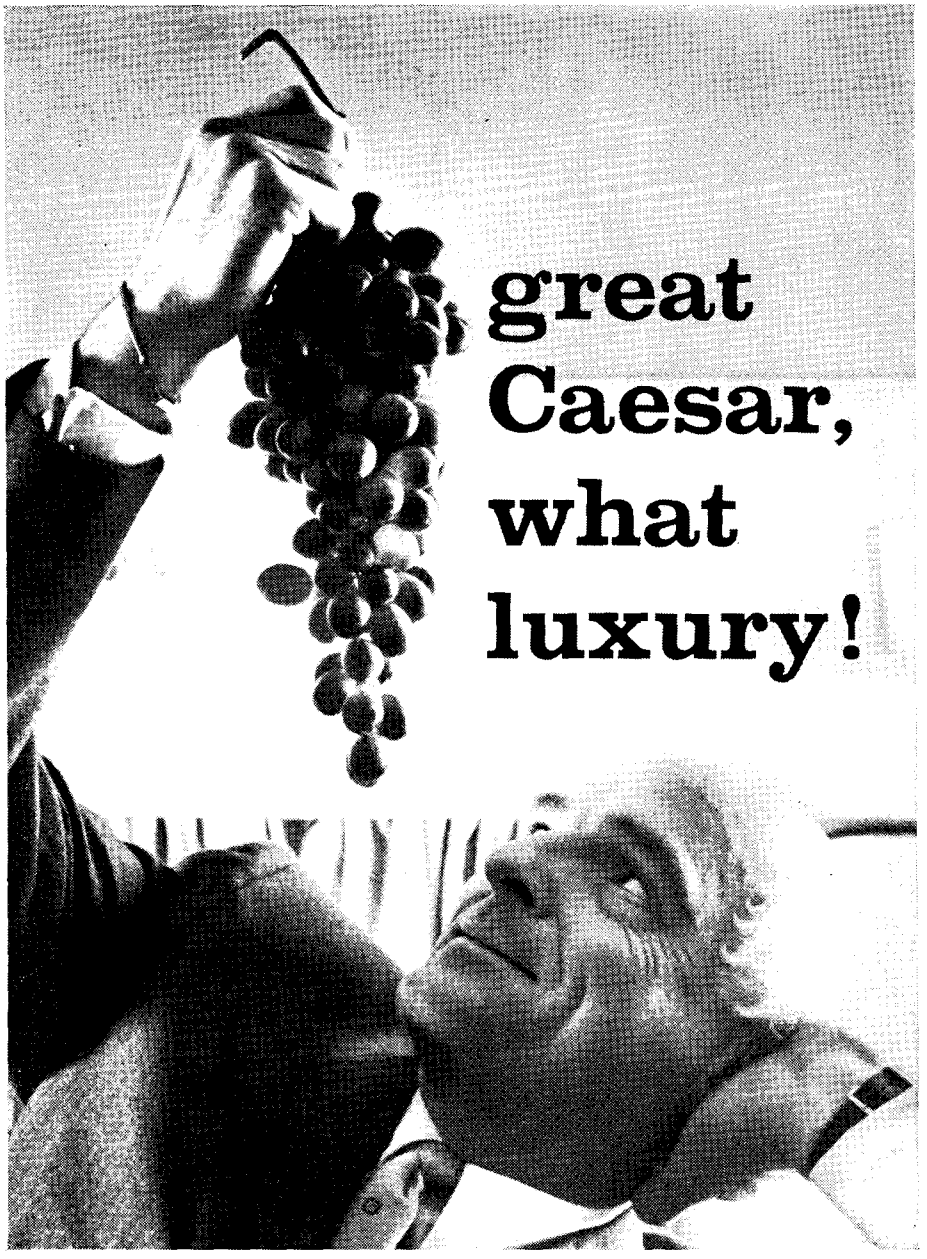
it and are familiar with all the dark corners. The portraits vary, from vignettes of the little farms and gardens that lie beyond the meanest Parisian streets to discussions of the extensive history of the Bois de Boulogne, the architecture of Provence, or the cellars of Beaujolais. The nature of the book, then, as well as its oversized format, make it an enjoyable reminder of past visits rather than a guide.

The 1960 edition of Eugene Fodor's "**Guide to the Caribbean, Bahamas, and Bermuda**" (McKay, $5.95) has the merit of being comprehensive, including, as it does, every island or part of the Spanish Main readily accessible to the more usual transportation routes. The information it offers is also easily found and neatly arranged. But a good guidebook must also be critical and selective, and this one rarely is. The uniformity of praise for every island, hotel, and shop which it lists, besides making uninspiring reading, detracts from the book's value as a responsible guide. Divided into two sections, the guide contains first a series of extravagant tributes on a number of subjects, including matters of interest to the sportsman and photographer. The second divides the area into its component parts, offering information on prices, hotels, restaurants, night life, and almost anything of practical interest to the tourist.

The Caribbean, colorful and multicultural as it is, has for a long time seemed to invite the cliché-ridden, jaded, and meaningless prose description of the travel-folder variety. The editor and his dozen or so contributors have not only felt a senseless need to gild a very attractive place with this kind of prose, but have even added some particularly careless writing of their own. Choosing at random, we once again wearily note that places are still posh, athrob, exotic, or topnotch (and sometimes topflight). Whatever is off the main itineraries is "untouristed" and invariably "good bets for the escapists and adventurous." Cuba "has three main facets, subject to Castrofication without notice," and some of the islands possess a "Yankeefied passion for industrial progress." We note that Panamanians are "getting Nassery about the big ditch," and the subtitle for a section on predominantly Negro Haiti is "Rhapsody in Jet."

Very ordinary photographs, contributed by the commercial transportation companies and government tourist offices, and oversimplified maps add nothing but bulk to a book already excessive in that respect. But, as we have mentioned, Mr. Fodor's guide embraces quite a bit of material—and a truer word was never spoken.

—Jeanette Wakin.



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Maiden Voyage

I SEE by the Ships News that there will be seven ship launchings this year and that gives me ideas. An ordinary cruise to the ordinary isles may bring out more unaccompanied ladies than a Smith College homecoming, but a maiden voyage, ladies, is what brings out the men. It brings out the ship's architects, the ship's builders, the engineers who installed the air conditioning, the ship's news reporters, the travel agents, meat suppliers, and gyroscope builders, all men to a man. It fell to my lot to put to sea only recently with such a baying aggregation, and I have instructed my agent to obtain a price from McCall's for a three-part revelation tentatively titled "I Was a Maiden on a Maiden Voyage."

The maiden voyage on which I was a maiden among men was the inaugural trip of M/V *Victoria*. M/V is motor vessel, dears, not maiden voyage. She displaced 20,000 tons, measured 575 feet tip to tip, and was bound for fifteen, count 'em, days in southern waters. We had barely sighted our first land-fall on the isle of Staten, which had risen in all its grandeur off the starboard bow, when the call came over the loudspeaker. It was a summons to sign up for dinner. I signed, second sitting, Table 52, companions unknown. That night I came early to the table. They arrived one by one, each a surprise, like turning up cards at solitaire. A lady of many cruises who could drop a port at the drop of a hint. Scratch one. Next, a young girl from Toronto. Last, two brokers from Wall Street, neither bull, nor bear, nor wolf. Score: a foursome for the evening, plus a chaperone. And not yet three hours out of New York.

As the *Victoria* edged its way past the Coney littoral and for the first time in its maritime life headed for the lands of man-tan and free ports, the crowd aboard her filtered, on instruction, into the Riviera Ballroom. Waiting on the polished floor were the four cruise directors, each a cum laude graduate of what passes for the airline charm school in nautical circles, each a quintessence of personal Schweppervescence. During the get-to-know-one-another dance I got to know a stout grocery supplier who found my feet before he found the floor, a tall naval architect who twirled me around with outstretched elbow spinning at eye level, and finally a diminutive sort who looked me straight in the belt buckle and complained, "You're leading, you're leading." Now they weren't all Antony Armstrong-Jones, but then again it

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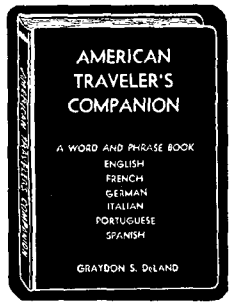

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wasn't going to be the dismal female ferry ride a friend had envisioned when she advised me long before sailing day, "Don't spend all your money on fancy clothes, you'll only meet elderly single women."

The bubbly boys in charge of the social program had prepared a frantic list of events which came sliding under the door the next morning. It stretched from morning calisthenics in the gym to a midnight buffet. The Toronto type and I, now fast friends, stretched instead along the length of our deck chairs and, bundled in rugs, listened to the stock brokers who came up alongside. The brokers sang about long-term speculations and short-term debentures while I in silent counterpoint trilled in my mind the itinerary which lay before the *Victoria*. There was an occasional obligato from the seagulls as they made their last sortie before pulling back to Bedloe's Island, now many miles behind us.

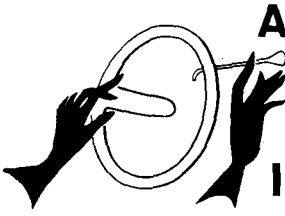
It was only three days before the *Victoria* shook off the northern climes and reached the first harbor, which was Puerto Rico. Those preliminary days and nights at sea kept the social staff busy. Not the least of their inventions was the Sadie Hawkins Dance, in which

—*H. S.*

Puerto Rico crabman

the ladies were invited to sign up the men. It was in this way that Toronto and I came to meet the Dutch engineers and to dance with them a dance that they so fondly called the Wiennese Valtz.

"*Ah que Puerto Rico*"—"What a rich port"—is what Ponce de Leon is reported to have said 350 years ago when *his* cruise pulled into San Juan. We sped out of the city along the highway that sliced through the sugar fields. We were bound for El Yunque, a rain forest 3,500 feet above the valley floor. The green valley lay far below, the beaches rimmed the seas, and the rains came in sudden five-minute bursts and gave way to sun again. The combina-



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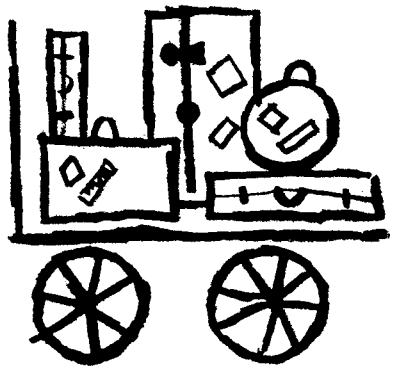
tion produces a lush vegetation that brims with giant trees, ferns, and jungle vines waiting for Tarzan and Jane. El Yunque is part of the Caribbean National Forest, established by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1903. During the week its winding road is almost empty except for tourist cars like the caravan disgorged by the *Victoria*. But on week-ends Puerto Ricans gather their families and friends into trucks and rumble forth to picnic on the mountaintop.

WE DESCENDED slowly, stopping to pick delicate orchids that grow wild on trees, and emerged at sea level on the edge of Luquillo Beach. It lay beautiful and abandoned. Puerto Ricans do not swim in months equipped with the letter "R," and so they had left it to us, pure white sand facing the aquamarine waters on an eighty-five-degree day. We made no better use of it, for the caravan awaited and we drove off with it, running under the mahogany trees of the Calle Jose de Diego to Cristo Street in the old city, which is being turned into a living Williamsburg of shops and inns, all of them designed in the artful style of colonial Spain.

At 2:00 A.M. the *Victoria,* braving it all grandly, slid away from Puerto Rico and stood for St. Thomas. We were up on deck to see her go and again a few hours later to see her slip into the harbor at Charlotte Amalie. In case she had not provided the maidens with enough men the *Victoria* tied up alongside a cruiser of the U.S. Navy. Toronto and I skidded down the ramp to a 1,000-wolf-whistle salute. Once ashore we combed the narrow streets for straw hats, madras by the yard, and madras by the jacket. At the Continental Shop I picked up a madras jacket for brother, but to make sure of the size I pressed into service a handy marine. He was obliging as a model, even more obliging as an escort. With a flick of his swagger stick he hailed a cab and we spun skyward to the Mountaintop Hotel for banana daiquiris and a fabulous view of Magens Bay and the neighboring Virgin Islands, both British and American. Later I had to explain separately and carefully to the brokers and the Dutch.

As the sun set we took a Fitzpatrick leave of St. Thomas and steered for Martinique. Champagne had now become a standard part of the dinner hour, and we scarcely ever slid back our chairs until after ten. Our Dutch valtzers were at the first sitting and they had hours to wait for our fashionable appearance. They spent it by descending immediately to reserve seats in the ballroom, which was filled to the gunwales by 9:30. Thus we



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—*Pan American Airways.*

Haiti—"Hey you! Mr. Pipe!"

would arrive with the brokers and stand against the wall until we were invited to join the Dutch. We displayed considerable surprise upon seeing them there, although the ruse had carefully been worked out over tea that afternoon.

After one of our ten o'clock champagne dinners we went to the talent show with the brokers, and then let them stroll with us to the cabin door. Twenty minutes later we were summoned by two short knocks and one long and there were the Dutchmen to whisk us off to the Bamboo Club, an all-night shipboard saloon. We Viennese Valtzed till dawn. There were the brokers at breakfast to ask us if we had slept well. And there was Mrs. Many-Cruises, who interrupted to say, "I saw you in the Bamboo last night, and you danced with that tall man as if you belonged together."

We were now several days at sea and all I had spent was a dollar for cigarettes. But the intrigue was getting thicker than a Peter Lorre potboiler. I stole away, had my deck chair moved to a lonely spot on the top deck. I had a thirty-second sleep before I heard a deep *"Buon giorno."* There at hand was a curly-haired Italian, fresh from the swimming pool. He wore a large smile and a small white Bikini. But after his smile and my look of astonishment, we were lost, for the lad did not capisco my inglese. Then he smiled and I smiled and he said, *"Ah belle gambe, belle gambe."* I called for a translator and waited eagerly to hear more. There was lots more and it came in an unending string like uncut spaghetti, but the most memorable was *"molte lentiggini."* So, with the knowledge that I had beautiful legs and many freckles, we became fast friends.

We arrived in Martinique on Sunday. Unfortunately, most of the shops

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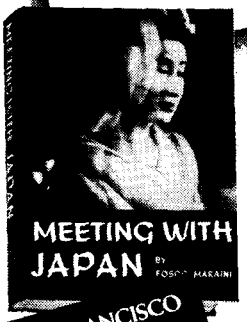

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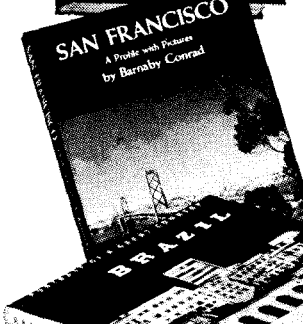

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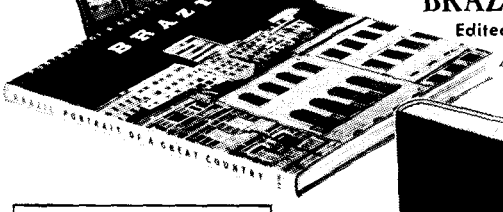

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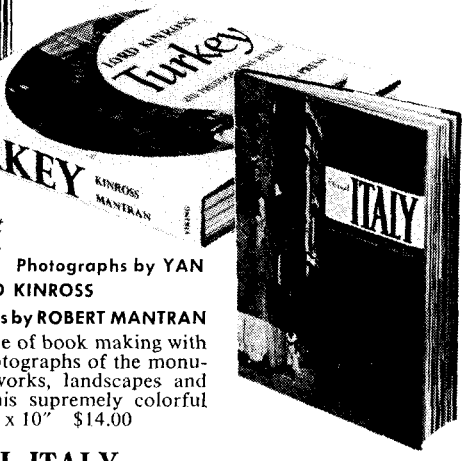

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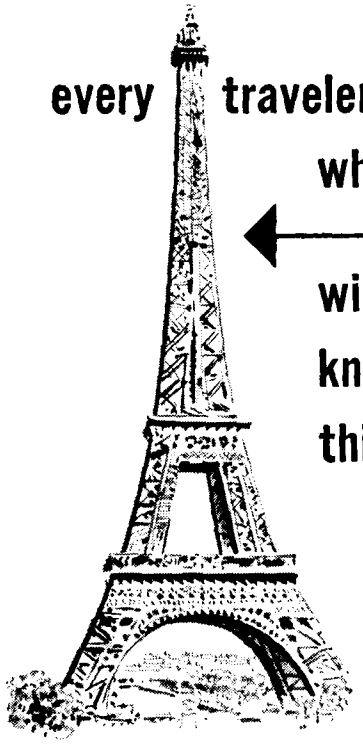

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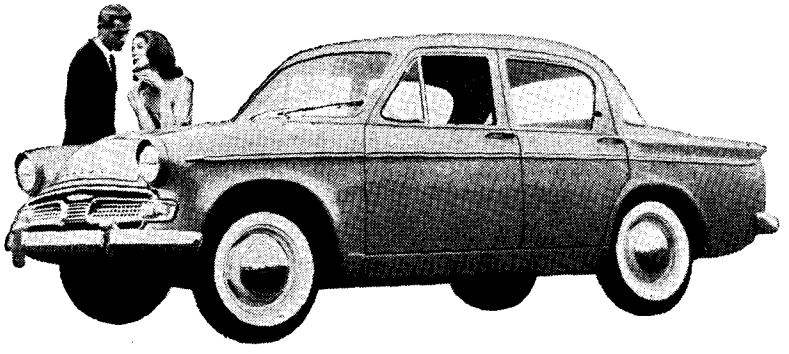
were closed, save Roger Albert's free port shop which allows a 20 per cent discount to all who pay by traveler's check. We bought as much perfume as we could carry, at half the New York price, and then wandered through the quiet streets of Fort-de-France. The only activity was in La Savane, the square, where the crowds headed toward a huge circus tent. We tagged along to find Le Carnaval, a native dance that takes place every Sunday during January and February. We paid 100 francs to sit at a ringside table inside the tent and watch hundreds of children, all starched and smiling, rock to the slow native rhythm. We can't forget the sight of a tiny Martiniquaise in a Zorro mask inviting a girl in a Mickey Mouse hat to dance. We were persuaded to try "punch," the local drink, which is quite unlike the fruit salad served at bridal showers. Punch, Martinique style, is rum, syrup, and lime juice over ice, followed by a burning sensation and a water chaser. Two punches later we were back on board for a special floor show by the Martinique Folklore Dancers, a group of amateurs from Fort-de-France who put the shows on under the auspices of the Department of Tourism, of which the ubiquitous M. Albert is co-director. The show opened with Les Negriers, a dance which takes place in the cane fields. The field, usually so silent, is all at once lively with the workers cutting cane and chanting as they pile the stalks on the wagons for the factory. After the native dances we were introduced to the native customs, the most fascinating of which is the way the woman ties her turban. Tied in one point, it signifies that her heart is fancy free. Two points mean that her heart belongs to someone. The married women wear a three-pointed turban, and anyone who shows up with four points is married with room on the side for a free-lance admirer. The fashion might not catch on in New York, but it would be helpful on cruises, especially if adopted by men.

It was eighty degrees the day we



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dropped anchor in Willemstad, capital of Curaçao, which is the largest of the six islands comprising the Netherlands West Indies, just thirty-eight miles north of the Venezuelan coast. When the bridge is out over St. Anna Bay, the narrow channel which bisects the city, one takes a commuter ferry over to Punda, the shopping and business district. There are dozens of shops selling anything from wooden shoes to twenty-thousand-dollar brooches. There is gambling and fine fare at the Intercontinental Hotel, built inside a fort and so close to the harbor's edge that you look straight up to watch the liners go by.

Half of the trip over, we headed north and, as they say on the bridge, stood for Haiti. Our ship was surrounded the next morning by Haitian boys in rowboats singing such local numbers as "You Are My Sunshine" and "The Tennessee Waltz." "Hey you, Missy," they shouted as we walked along the pier. "Mama, Mr. Pipe, Mr. Yellow Shirt, you throw money." We drove the narrow mountain road to Le Perchoir for lunch mountain-top style, complete with a view of the country side and the harbor where the *Victoria* stood shining in the sunlight. After our frantic pace I was almost surprised not to find her panting. Next to the restaurant, we shopped at the La Belle Creole annex for mahogany salad sets and sculptured book ends. The Haitian hullabaloo, the heat, and the shouting vendors of the afternoon change completely at sunset, when, save for a few native boys still singing in their boats, the town is quiet and cool. We drove through the darkening streets to the Casino, a small Las Vegas of the lower latitudes complete with gambling tables and a long line of one-armed bandits imported from the cultured north. For the fleet of foot a separate cocktail lounge offers a complete dance band specializing in the meringue, bolero, and beguine. An outdoor evening show under the palms is much on the style of Havana's Tropicana, with both a Cuban crooner and a

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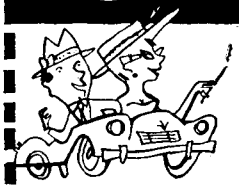

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sensuous performance of tourist voodoo dances.

The *Victoria* anchored offshore in Nassau so we slid down the gangway into the tender, feeling like explorers in a fishing boat. Once on dry land we shopped on Bay Street, then drove out to St. Augustine's Monastery, the home of some fifteen Benedictine monks who have since 1946 lived in their monastery high on a hill about forty-five minutes from town. They work a huge farm, and it isn't strange to see one driving a tractor while another on his knees, sleeves rolled up, sows the seed to grow the food that supplies all the hotels on the island. The monks have been instrumental in teaching the natives nutrition-wise farming. They have raised prize cattle and in addition run a non-sectarian, non-racial high school for 120 boys. They are now in the process of constructing a church which will be built by the natives when the necessary funds are on hand.

THE tender rocked us back and forth on our way to the *Victoria*, and more than once baptized us with Bahamian waters. It was our last of the southern seas. The *Victoria* was waiting there like a patient mother, and we climbed aboard and let her take us back to New York.

We drank champagne at the Captain's Dinner, although for once it was on the ship and not on the brokers. The delicate game was almost over, and only once had we almost come a cropper. It was the day it rained and Toronto and I had announced we were off to the shipboard movie. When we arrived at the theatre the brokers beckoned. They had saved us two seats. From the other side came a shout from the Dutch. They had reserved the whole row. So we sat alone, the two of us in the first row, pleading acute astigmatism.

One thing was certain. Booking passage alone on a maiden voyage was a guarantee I wouldn't be alone very long. As for quiet relaxation, there were those twenty-minute lulls when I sat in my cabin waiting for two short knocks and one long. And there were those solitary swims underwater. Once I almost had an hour alone in the sun, but I was spied by a crew member who insisted I come with him to visit the cheese freezer.

Brokers, Valtzers, Italians and the U.S. Marines, not to mention 20,000 leagues under the sea in a cheese freezer. It takes a maiden voyage, ladies, to bring out the men. The only male who played hard-to-get was the customs inspector. It took him two hours to come around. A man like that wouldn't have had a chance aboard the M/V *Victoria*. —VIRGINIA PUZO.

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Rome

Continued from page 34

lini Forum, now known as the Stadio dei Marmi. Here, surrounded by marble heroes erected by Mussolini (and later dressed with leaves by a succeeding, and more modest regime), field hockey players will vie with each other, and track and field competitors will warm up before crossing by tunnel into the Stadium of 100,000, now known as the Stadio Olimpico. Swimming, diving, and water polo will be staged in the handsome new pool of the Stadio del Nuoto. Far to the south, in the plot where Mussolini had dreams of an Esposizione Universale di Roma, a brilliant sports palace with seats for 16,000 crowns a hillock overlooking the road to Naples. A steep-sided Velodrome has been built for cycling. Nearby, an exposition of sport in history and art will be displayed at the Palazzo delle Scienze.

WITH its built-in penchant for yesterday, Italy has been busy delving into dusty sportive history. Only recently some sports scholar came up with a twenty-five-centuries-old vase-painting showing a boxer delivering a one-two punch to the jaw of a centaur. Modern fisticuff fanciers had always believed it to be an invention of Georges Carpentier. Along with the Olympics

—From "Italy's Book of Days."

the Italians are going to display, just for pageantry's sake, five contests of ancient origin: the Palio dei Balestrieri, a contest of archers and bowmen; the Giostra della Quintana, a lancer's tournament; the Partita a Scacchi of Marostica, live chessmen in elaborate costumes repeating the moves of two players as they are announced by a herald; the Calcio Fiorentino, a sort of violent Florentine football game preceded by a procession of mace bearers, trumpeters, flag bearers, soldiers, and heralds; the Gioco del Ponte, a

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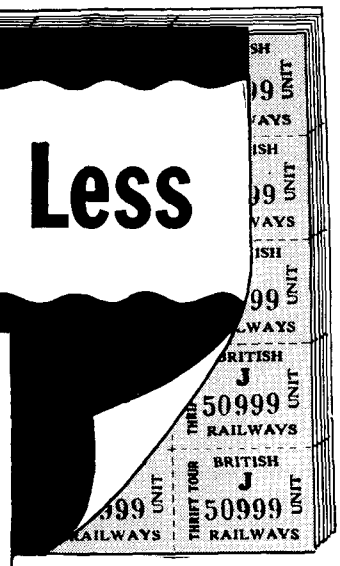

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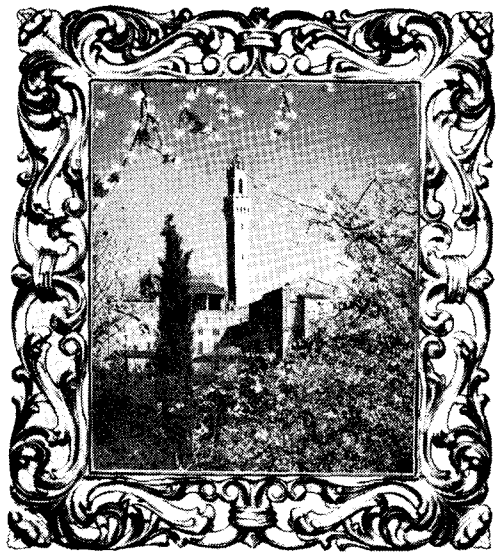

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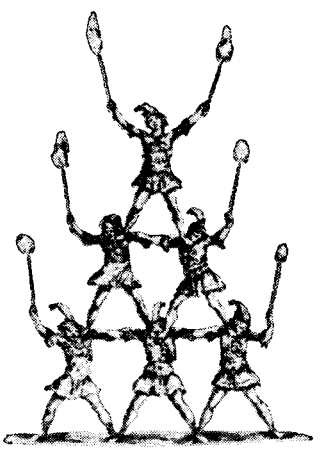
push-and-pull contest in which adversaries in armor and helmets try to propel a car on rails into the other team's territory.

With the past thoroughly invoked, and the modern contests joined, either amid the old marble or inside the flaring concrete walls, Rome will turn its attention to culture which will descend cloudlike and simultaneously, with each summer's night. Symphonic concerts in the Basilica of Maxentius and the Academia di Santa Cecilia will soothe souls exhilarated by the contests of the day. Classic ballet will pirouette on the stage of the Villa Giulia, a papal villa built by the Pope Julius, a Medici. Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" will ride the boards of the Roman theatre in Ostia Antica, at the Roman beachside. And the Baths of Caracalla, cleared of gymnasts who will compete there by day, will as usual stage a flamboyant series of evening operas in the open air.

I am not sure I can tell you where or how to find a room in Rome this summer unless you are already in pos-



—From "Italy's Book of Days."

session of a reservation signed, sealed, delivered, guaranteed, and notarized. The *Ocean Monarch*, a ship that normally plies between Manhattan and Bermuda, will be a floating Italian hotel during the games, and American Express is sending the new *Victoria* to the docks at Ostia for five days during the games. Campers will pitch tents on the grounds of Hadrian's Villa. With a room in suburban Castelgandolfo, you might take in the rowing and the canoeing contests, which will be held on Lake Albano inside the crater of an old volcano. And from a waterfront suite you can watch the international yachting contests to be played out under the shadow of Vesuvius in the Bay of Naples, with the smell of baking pizzas wafting offshore, the guitars riding the Mediterranean breezes, and the steamers standing for Capri, Ischia, Positano, and Sorrento out across the crowded bay.

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Brasilia

Continued from page 40

depth: the city reflects—accepts—the positive *and* negative aspects of contemporary society. There is no pretense that the little nonentity in Cubicle 99 on Floor 18 is another Simon Bolivar, or, for that matter, even much of an individual. On the other hand, Brasilia is no image of 1984. It is going to be a very human, very livable city.

Such apparent contradictions as these ("beehive" *vs.* "human" and so on) are another indication of the maturity and vitality of the artists. Let me cite another example. Niemeyer obviously believes in standardization. Virtually every building of any importance is a vertical slab of the U.N. type: this applies to offices, hospitals, banks, housing. The other important category, including the Supreme Court, Presidential Palace, etc., is a long, low box: the slab, again, now laid on its side. But having accepted the slab, Niemever also deviates, as in the Senate (a dome), the Chamber of Deputies (a bowl), the Cathedral (a curved inverted funnel), the Museum (a marble boxcar on a marble stand), and various churches around town. Against the standardized patterns, these departures register on the beholder with terrific force. Curiously enough, the frank acceptance of standardization does not result in monotony at all, and here, I suspect is one of the major lessons for architects.

Brasilia's plan and architecture have, quite understandably, been the targets of criticism from many quarters. No doubt some of it is justified. In one sense the town is all exterior, from the viewpoint of interest; for Brazil, with far more than its share of brilliant architects, planners, and landscape architects, has not yet produced an interior designer of stature. As a result many of the most important buildings, inside, look as if nobody quite knew what to do with what the architect left behind him. Yet this is minor, for the omissions can be made good in time. I have no particular interest in producing new critical observations at the moment, for it seems to me that the important thing is to acknowledge the unique force, quality, and integrity of the statement.

Brasilia is a place to be seen and experienced. It is hard to believe that anyone could visit it and come away without some modifications of attitude, whether with respect to modern architecture, to city planning, or to the emerging shapes of contemporary life. If I were a tourist and had my choice of visiting Brasilia or, say, the Taj Mahal, I would pick the former. At this point in time it has much more to say, and it says it with great power and beauty.

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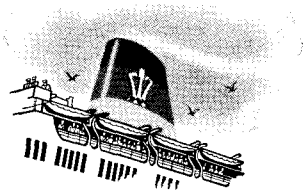

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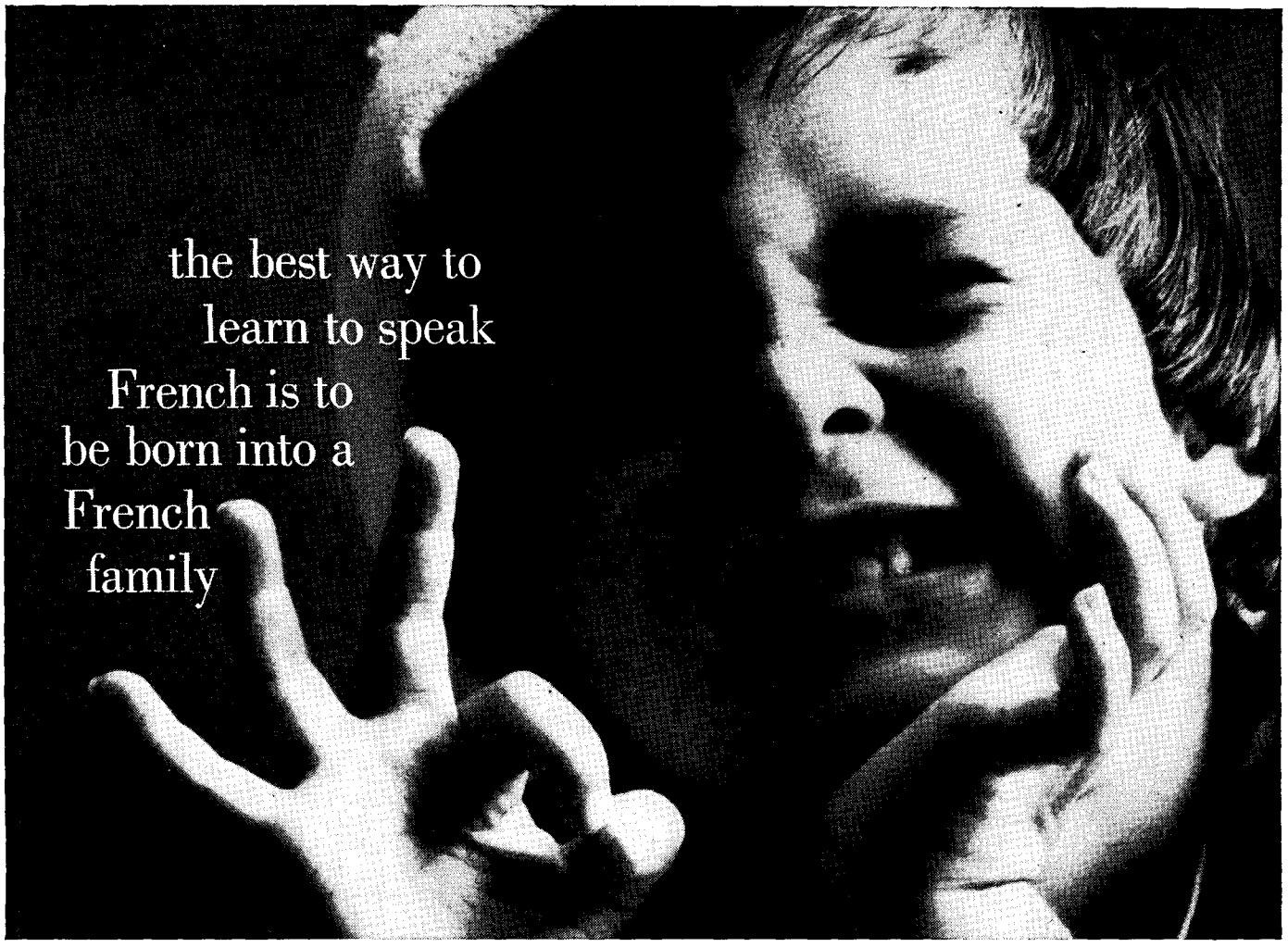

But the circumstances of one's own birth are difficult to pre-arrange and so you're as likely to be born in Peoria, Illinois, as in Paris, France. Assuming that you *were* born in Paris, French would be your native language and you would learn it as a child does—by hearing, seeing, associating objects and actions with sounds, repeating, imitating and, finally, speaking. This is by far the best way to learn any language.

If you are *not* native to France then the next best way to learn French is to simply go and live there. Surround yourself with all things French, listen, ask and learn. This, of course, takes time and can be very expensive.

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Oberammergau

Continued from page 44

is not. It is, quite simply stated, something no one can easily forget. No doubt Anton Lang, who played the part of Christ in three successive performances, left the imprint of his noble and deeply religious personality on this scene. The demands it makes are so great that for this reason alone the Play cannot be given every day.

Inevitably a drama of this kind has a long history, which a number of books chronicle. The essence of the story can, however, be told rather quickly. In 1633 this part of Europe was scourged by the plague. Oberammergau's people vowed that if they were spared they would present a Passion Play every year during Holy Week. But carrying out the promise was no simple matter. In the interim the Jesuits, eager to effect the spiritual reconquest of northern Europe, had had recourse to dramatic art. Partly they followed Roman models, Plautus and Terence. But they also introduced musical and choral innovations, so that community theatricals, sometimes on a grandiose scale, were the result. The original text of the Oberammergau Passion Play suggests the influence of the "Jesuit drama" but also retains affinity with the older liturgical plays, many of which, as Karl Young pointed out long ago, developed in connection with Holy Week. Gradually the Oberammergau Passion Play was reshaped and sundered from direct liturgical associations. Music was written. The medievalizing spirits of the romantic movement discovered it and gave it fame. Then came the era of realism, and this too left its imprint. One may therefore conclude that the Passion Play of 1960 reflects historical development but that for many reasons, not all of them too readily definable, it has kept pace with changing moods.

At all events, it is quite remarkable that a village should have changed what was originally its own affair—many South German towns and cities had their plays—into a religious event which has an appeal for the whole world. I think that, apart from spiritual dedication and the natural appeal which participation in a production of this kind offers, the reason the Passion Play has survived may be found in the integrity of the wood carver's art. It is a fortunate village indeed which for generations can fashion its crucifixes and Madonnas, its Christmas cribs and angels, with absolute honesty and without surrender to mass production methods. This is not a commercial, but I do hope you will come back with something.

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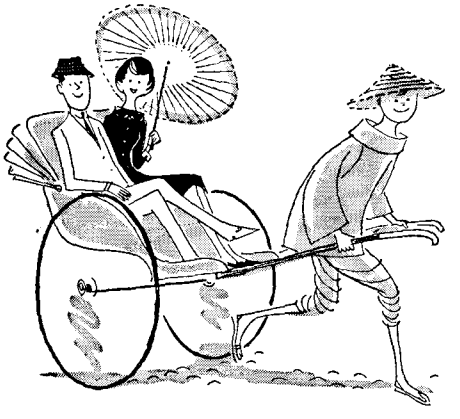

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Expresso Soho

THE PEOPLE responsible for "**Expresso Bongo,**" a new British film, evidently haven't heard that England's screen industry is supposed to be in its death throes, or at least languishing quietly into a second-rate status. Yes, there was "Room at the Top," but that presumably was an accident. If "Expresso Bongo" is also an accident, it's a very happy one, for this musical tale of a small-time Soho theatrical agent and his rock 'n' roll prodigy, Bongo Herbert, is lively, irreverent, savage, inventive, and unexpected. I, for one, never expected it, just as I've given up my expectations that we, here, can come up with any sprightly social satire. In American terms it's as though the sentimental rogues of Damon Runyon were to be viewed through the far less rosily tinted lenses of S. J. Perelman. The author of "Expresso Bongo," which was first a short story, then an "angry musical," is Wolf Mankowitz, who seems to be a peculiar English blend of Runyon and Perelman. His unlikely partner in this movie spoof of the rock 'n' roll craze was Val Guest, whose name is usually seen among the screen credits of English horror films.

Perhaps it isn't an accident, either, that Laurence Harvey was the star of "Room at the Top" and of this one too. As the agent Johnny Jackson, he fast-talks his way into assuming 50 per cent of all the assets of a teen-age bongo-playing singer, talks a record publisher into recording the boy's voice —which has the eerie quality of a lost coyote calling for its mother—and cons the staid BBC into a nationwide promotion campaign. Harvey is more than believable; he gives an absolute gem of a performance, and if all the others in the cast were up to his level the film would have been pure gold indeed. The boy, Cliff Richard (in actuality a star of the same general type he parodies), isn't bad at all, but a little too much time is given over to his emotional problems, particularly with Yolande Donlan, a girl singer of advanced age who fancies the sulky teen-ager. Someone who doesn't fancy him is Mayer, his record publisher, who vastly prefers "Aïda" to rock 'n' roll, but who bows before the winds of public preference.

As Mayer, Meier Izelniker matches wits with Laurence Harvey every step of the way, and matches performances too. At one point the two break into song themselves, threading their way through crowded Soho alleys, expressing their varied points of view. In Mayer's case it is simply nausea, which also happens to be the name of the song, and there are some among us who I suspect will take it to their hearts. If this musical number seems a little out of context, since the other numbers are threaded more or less realistically into the plot, it is highly welcome nevertheless. Harvey, as the agent, is a slick enough cookie to handle several Soho accents with ease, and he switches from one to another depending on whose ear he bends at the moment. As for the Soho atmosphere, it's not only caught, it's pinned to the wall, and for this we must praise Mr. Guest, who has assumed that satire is not necessarily what closes on Saturday night. And he has managed to handle the whole glorious enterprise with recklessly malevolent charm.

FAR from Soho is Newport, Rhode Island, where for the past several years an annual jazz festival has taken place. Two summers ago a photographer, Bert Stern, took some movie cameras there to do a documentary study of the event, and when all the film was finally assembled he found he had a feature-length picture called "**Jazz on a Summer's Day,**" which will shortly be unveiled to the large audiences it deserves. The list of stars alone should insure attendance by jazz faithfuls. They include: Louis Armstrong, Mahalia Jackson, Gerry Mulligan, George Shearing, Chico Hamilton, Thelonious Monk, and Jack Teagarden. All these and more are caught in vivid, handsome color in their performances on the bandstand at Newport. Caught, too, are members of the audience, young people mostly, listening raptly, their bodies and faces showing what jazz does to them. It does odd things, according to Bert Stern's cameras (he had three of them grinding away simultaneously), and now and then what shows on the screen is rather embarrassingly intimate and revelatory. There are scenes of boats out on the sound preparing for the America's Cup races—and, all in all, it's a wonderful summer's day that is synthesized, with real people and great music, recorded wonderfully by George Avakian on the sound track—a documentary of style and accomplishment.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Love in the Icebox

AFTER THREE years' absence from Broadway, and nine years' avoidance of representing herself with an original play, Lillian Hellman has reluctantly but generously given us another glimpse of her tough, naked attitudes and literate dialogue in **"Toys in the Attic."** Exhibiting a hard-boiledness that she reserves for her own plays, Miss Hellman uncovers the nasty spectacle of one repressed woman who is ruining the lives of five people around her. This woman, Carrie Berniers, lives with her sister, Anna, waiting for their brother Julian to need them again. Carrie has nursed inside herself a lifetime's subconscious lust for Julian, and has therefore "helped" him to remain a dependent failure. This hypocrisy, the selfless female substituting for normal pleasures a fiercely maintained giving of her life to a dependent loved one, is so common in our society that mother-son and aunt-nephew relationships have become traditional behavior patterns we all suffer, excuse, and make the best of. But when it comes to sister-brother setups, the thing somehow seems more insidious. Perhaps the incestuous marriages of ancient civilizations were the lesser of two evils.

To demonstrate the malignancy inherent in Carrie's unadmitted and therefore uncontrolled subconscious drives, Miss Hellman has crowded into a period of less than a day a crisis which permanently diseases the lives of six people. This crisis is the return of Julian, who has suddenly become wealthy and hence "successful" by means of a shady real estate deal. Instead of making his sisters and his wife happy (like Chekhov's three sisters, they have been annually putting off a pleasure trip to Paris by pretending that it is necessary to give their savings to Julian), it sets the women afloat in a frightening new situation: Julian is no longer dependent upon them. Carrie, in the desperation with which we all protect our neurotic needs, stumbles on a way not only to deprive Julian of his new wealth, but to cause it to happen through action by Julian's wife, who is so pure and innocent that she is capable of greater harm to those she loves than any more sophisticated malefactor could be. This leaves Carrie with ammunition for eventually breaking up Julian's marriage.

This web of blackmail-run lives is strictly Hellman. But there is also a Brechtian touch when Julian almost discovers the true nature of Carrie's love for him, and then subsides into defeat and ignorance, as if his own inner self didn't want the insecurity and trouble that would result from facing the true nature of his predicament. This may be how it usually happens in life, but truthfulness's gain is drama's loss. We yearn for the stage Julian to see Carrie as she is, and not only to tell her off but also to revile himself for his own weakness. Indeed, it would have been more dramatic if we had seen Julian attempt to clean his own house and fail, and Miss Hellman certainly could have written it that way had she so desired. That she did write "Toys in the Attic" in its present form seems to indicate that her concern for catching the quality of life precisely as she sees it overweighs her concern for stirring our sympathies for the human beings in her play. The villains are "love" in its more selfish aspects, and the despicable weakness of those of us who allow our need for it to afflict the lives of others.

The play's most diseased characters, Carrie and Julian, are hard to act, for the performers must keep out of their consciousness any understanding of their roles' true nature. All they can do is enact their ununderstood awareness of inner drives and of the plot of the play, which, unfortunately, unfolds mostly offstage. Under the circumstances Maureen Stapleton does well to at least stay sensitive and alive even when she must be a deliberate monster. With the exception of one short, amusing interchange, Jason Robards, Jr.'s portrait of Julian seems restricted in color and variety until the moment near the end of the play when he staggers in after being beaten. Then he shows us the old Robards rising magnificently to intense anger and fading, deathlike, into despair. Rochelle Oliver rather underplays Julian's wife and the character emerges more as one who has been "touched in the head" than as the pathologically innocent creature she is described to be.

The three knowing characters come off much better. As the patient sister who faces up to the facts of each day as it comes, and who when she loves does not demand that it be returned, Anne Revere gives an admirably lean

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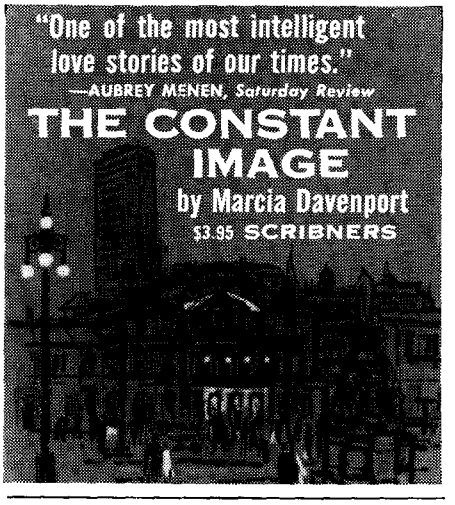
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portrayal of quiet courage. And Percy Rodriguez, as the handsome Negro lover of Julian's mother-in-law, emanates the sad, quiet dignity that comes to those who must find their own sense of honor in a socially dishonorable pursuit. But the character who seems most like what one suspects the playwright would like to be herself is the mother-in-law, and Irene Worth fills the role with wisdom, loveliness, and well-bred humor.

"Toys in the Attic" seems a difficult play to direct, and if Arthur Penn has not created those Chekhovian stillnesses in which everything is sensed but nothing is comprehended, he has kept the play full of action, speed, and logical behavior. Howard Bay's stylized set suggests the damp, shabby glamor of a New Orleans dwelling, and his harsh lighting combats the idea that its inhabitants have any real charm.

The result is that we are truly horrified and repelled by the disgraceful events of the play. To this end Miss Hellman has even insisted upon a line which includes the first stage use of the only word that rhymes with the name of the heroine of "The Little Foxes." And her dialogue is never witty just for the sake of being clever. A line like "You've been saying you were sorry in space for many years" is amusing only because it is so deadly true. And even her sympathetic remarks ("I feel sorry for all old ladies—even rich ones. I think money makes them even lonelier") are dry of sentimental embroidery. Thus we leave the theatre with more to think about than we get from any but the best Off-Broadway plays this season.

WARREN MILLER'S and Robert Rossen's **"The Cool World"** emerged as a high-pitched, colorful theatricalization of Harlem juvenile delinquency that would have made a good libretto for an opera. Its point, that the sparks of decency found in Harlem's jungle world are more surprising than the flagrancy of its crimes, is a fine one but somehow the illustrations of criminal behavior dominated the evening to a harrowing extent.

Harder to take was the half-Fryed language of Benn Levy in his new play, **"The Tumbler."** This one, which has something to do with incest at first sight, seemed one long, improbable conversation to which, quite understandably, not even the actors were listening.

Italy's Piccolo Theatre presentation of Goldoni's **"The Servant of Two Masters"** at City Center proved a fascinating and lively example of what a top repertory company can do with a classic it keeps in repertoire for many years. Bravo!

—HENRY HEWES.

USA

Continued from page 27

New Deal, there is actually little between these covers to which either Thomas Jefferson or Alexander Hamilton could take exception. And looking back with the benefit of only a short-range hindsight, one suspects that the view of the fifties painted here will resemble the future historian's view more closely than will the orthodox assumptions to which it forms a counterpart.

The writing is uniformly competent. Mostly it is the work of *The Reporter's* staffers including its editor, Max Ascoli, who is also editor of this book. But in addition there are outsiders like James Thurber, Dean Acheson, and Santha Rama Rau.

AS one puts this book down between essays, one is prompted to think. Here one can review in full color the physical drama, the startling achievement, and the underlying spiritual emptiness of the midcentury years. Perhaps the feeling and meaning that underly the whole, if by no means the full scale of the panorama, can be summed up in two quotations.

The first, from an article on Hollywood, reports a conversation with Gertrude Stein:

> "Well, then, I'll tell you," said Miss Stein, in her most pleasant grandmotherly fashion. She lacked only a rocking chair. "You see, I write to please myself, and so I please myself completely. And in doing that, I please a few others completely. I please them so completely that each one goes out the door and becomes my messenger. What you try to do is to please everybody. And this is a very great mistake. Because, you see, nobody can please everybody. And when you try to please everybody, you end up by pleasing nobody, not completely. And so you don't have any messengers. And you have to hire your publicity, and that isn't the same."

The second quotation is from the book's concluding essay, Marya Mannes's "Meditations in an Empty Room." This concerns the chapel or meditation room put up by religious folk in the U.N. General Assembly building in New York. Lest any of the world's religions or sects be offended, the symbols of all religions have been banished. There is nothing but some rows of chairs and in the center a polished, reddish tree trunk on top of which is a cluster of philodendron, illuminated by a special shaft of light.

Miss Mannes describes it all in detail, and then stands off to take a reflective look:

> It seemed to me standing there that this nothingness was so oppressive and disturbing that it became a sort of madness, and the room a sort of padded cell. It seemed to me that the core of our greatest contemporary trouble lay here, that all this whiteness and shapelessness and weakness was the leukemia of non-commitment, sapping our strength. We had found, finally, that only nothing could please all, and we were trying to make the greatest of all generalities out of that most singular truth, the spirit of man. The terrifying thing about this room was that it made no statement whatever. In its capacity and constriction, it could not even act as a reflector of thought.

Of the making of many books there is still no end. In such a flood this one can hardly be called a must. But if anyone is interested in the times in which he lives, if he likes to have revealing glimpses into them, and to think about them, he will find here much to reward him.

ERA OF WONDERFUL NONSENSE: The big year began with the fantastic trial featuring Daddy Browning and Peaches Browning, each of whom wanted out of their bizarre marriage, and it ended with the wildest, wettest New Year's celebration in history. More damned things happened in 1927, and Allen Churchill has brought them vividly to life in his fascinating book, "The **Year the World Went Mad**" (Crowell, $4.95). This was the year that laughing Jimmy Walker wore New York on his lapel like a boutonnière, and Shipwreck Kelly sat on flagpoles, and Charles Lindbergh flew to Paris, and a drab corset salesman named Judd Gray helped Ruth Snyder to ease her husband out of the year and out of this world with the help of a sashweight.

Paradoxically, the man in the White House was a cold, humorless character named Calvin Coolidge, who was never touched by either the gaiety or madness of the year. Mr. Churchill takes a rather dim view of him:

> The Coolidge horizon was bounded by his sparse Vermont boyhood, and he seemed to regard the Presidency of the United States as tantamount to operating a small store. So long as the shelves were orderly and expenses kept low—that was enough. Thousands of officeholders lost jobs as a result of Cautious Cal's ceaseless economies, but he never considered expanding or introducing new ideas. In a devastating essay called "A Study in Inertia," Irving Stone has written "Calvin Coolidge believed that the least government was the best gov-

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Allen Churchill—A dizzy 365 days.

ernment; he aspired to become the *least* President the country had ever had; he attained his desire."

It was the year that 150,000 people paid three million dollars to watch Jack Dempsey knock down Gene Tunney only to lose the fight. Grantland Rice wrote, "In 1927, the sports world wore seven league boots"; Helen Wills was at her best; Johnny Weissmuller was breaking world records nearly every time he swam; Bobby Jones was beating the greatest amateurs and professionals of his day, and Babe Ruth was hitting many a baseball into the distant bleachers. Nevertheless, Mr. Churchill reminds us:

> Behind front-page stories were matters cultural. Indeed, the autumn of 1927 had proved an exciting one for culture-hounds. Those who enjoyed books could pick from a dazzling assortment of newly published volumes, among them: "The Woman at Point Sur," by Robinson Jeffers; "Meanwhile," by H. G. Wells; "Death Comes for the Archbishop," by Willa Cather; "Circus Parade," by Jim Tully; "A Good Woman," by Louis Bromfield; "Little Sins," by Katherine Brush; "We," by Charles Augustus Lindbergh; "Mother India," by Katherine Mayo; "What CAN a Man Believe?" by Bruce Barton; "Men Without Women," by Ernest Hemingway; "The Companionate Marriage," by Judge Ben Lindsey and Wainwright Evans; "The Mad Carews," by Martha Ostenso; "The Grandmothers," by Glenway Wescott; "Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche; "The Human Body," by Dr. Logan Clendening; "Mosquitoes," by William Faulkner . . .

Those of us who were around in 1927 owe Churchill a debt for so unforgettably recreating this Era of Wonderful Nonsense. —QUENTIN REYNOLDS.

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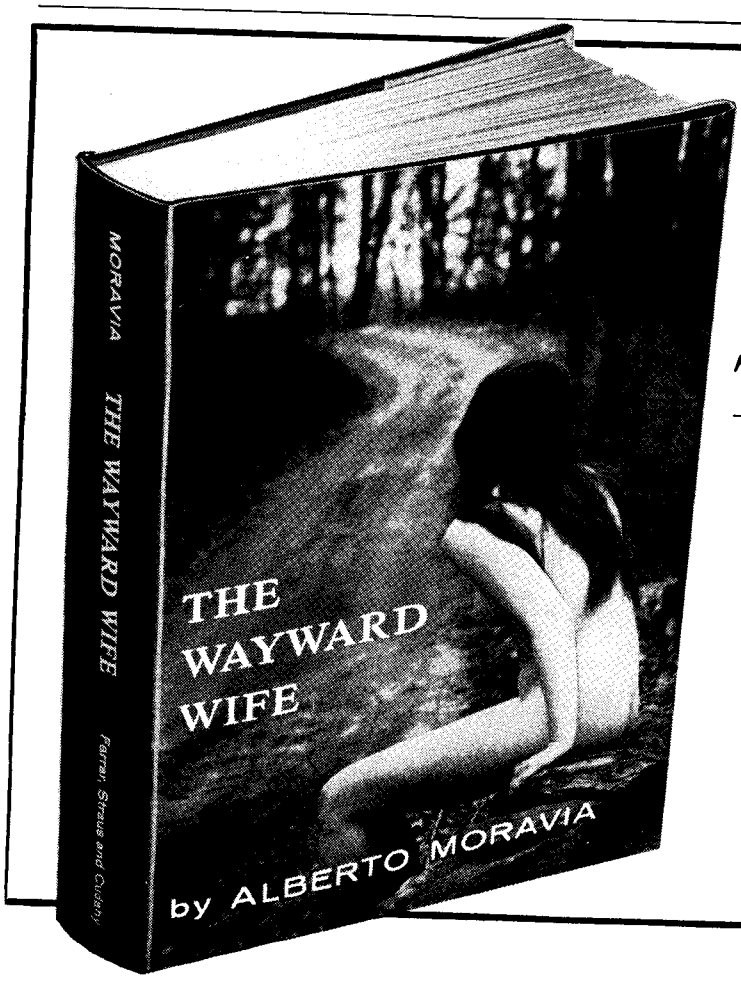

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

was curious to see how these reminiscences . . . would look in the strong glare of American sunlight, the stories in this book were born, one by one . . ." Well, their Old World coloration stands up excellently indeed, Barolini having a deft sense of fictional values in framing these memories of life as it was lived out against an upper-middle-class Italian background in the period between two wars—a background where caste distinctions still outwardly prevailed, where family eccentrics were something of a status symbol, and a steady decline into genteel poverty presaged the end of an era of reprieve.

Born out of nostalgia, these recollections are stiffened by a lacing of Latin irony and a noninsistent humor that illumines rather than makes comedy of its subject matter. And while they may not be permanently memorable, the characters who parade these pages have a living immediacy of their own that beguiles the reader from the story of Angelino, the family coachman, whose undercover sideline was ferrying the *figlia de la notte* about town, through such Italianate crises as the culinary revenge wreaked on Cousin Schiavon by Cousin Canal, to the moving vignette about the family's "last titled aunt," who was the final link with the *gran signori*, to mention but three of the tales. The whole makes good reading, distilled from a mixture of true artistic sensibility and a deeply felt remembrance of things past.

—Patricia MacManus.

COMMUNICATION IN KENTUCKY: Jane Mayhall must surely be a sensitive, rewarding poet. The talent shows up in her first novel, **"Cousin to Human"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50). With so many books scribbled nowadays with an eye on the clock, it is gratifying to come on one written with such care. Set in Louisville, Kentucky, in the mid-Thirties the story tells about Lacy Cole in her fifteenth to sixteenth year, and about those near to her. Norman Cole, her father, a Post Office employee, is a proud man, violent in his frustrations. The mother, Cleanth, is soft-spoken but iron-willed where the truth or her daughter's betterment are concerned.

One of the book's engrossing incidents involves her father's purchase of a new Chevrolet after cashing his life insurance policy, and the long arguments, overheard by Lacy, in which Cleanth insists the car be returned to the dealer.

> The ghostly voices continued. These were the real ghosts of the world, and she felt herself alive in their guilty nightmare. Sitting with tense limbs, she was wearily awake. The bleak light of the sky touched the window sill. Was it morning, or night? She looked out, helplessly. The moon was rising, it was outside the window and pale. The moon was outside, suffocating and pale in an awful dreamlike waste.

This human tale is cut through with the ageless problem of human communication. Even with those bound strongly by love, misunderstandings occur. But flashes of awareness do come, and love itself is a communication. The tale is of human endurance, reserve, strength, and laughter. Miss Mayhall is one of the finest new novelists on the scene; one awaits her next book with confidence.

—Helga Sandburg.

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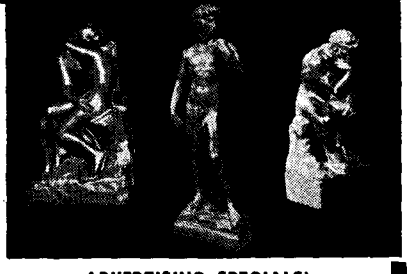

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Modern Art

Continued from page 17

one entire day each week? A smaller building with a choice selection of the greatest works always on view would be better. The idea of refining rather than enlarging public collections may be the answer—and might also lead to greater enjoyment through more sensitive selectivity.

Because our institutions are competing for public favor, they sometimes seem more interested in vying with each other than in examining the individual needs of their own communities. Being bigger is confused with being better. Publicity is confused with information. "Gate receipts" and attendance figures are confused with genuine interest. Buildings become more important than what they house, donors more respected than artists. At moments one yearns for the solitude of that nineteenth-century ivory tower.

When so-called art lovers get together these days, conversation is apt to center on tax deduction figures, occasionally to the exclusion of esthetic considerations. There are moments when the drone of prices, values, and tax data transforms the eloquent world of art into the same kind of meretricious commercialism that dogs our daily lives and from which we have habitually turned to the arts for enchantment and release. That our museums have been brilliantly enriched by this very predicament is not to be overlooked. One can only hope that generous gifts will continue but that as time goes on basic motivations will be related more and more to public needs. Only thus can quality be protected. For the fact that certain works by modern "name" artists are valued unrealistically makes for a dangerous situation. Take for example Rouault, a painter whose early canvases are often superb but whose later works at times seem little better than potboilers. Despite marked differences in quality, the mere name of Rouault assures any work by him a substantial valuation though its recipient not always a proportionately distinguished acquisition.

In fact the whole problem of names is but another symptom of the alarming impact modern promotion has exercised on the art scene. Though one hears "proud possessors" refer to "a Derain," "a Braque," "a Rouault," or "a Matisse," the aristocracy of ownership does not always carry a promise of immortality. There is also a hint of doubt, doubt that only time will resolve when names no longer act as magic passwords.

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(Continued from page 75)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1355

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Maxillary sinus.

B. Wobbly, insecure, unstable, even immoral.

C. Third word of the Liebestod (Ger.).

D. Somersaulting (3 wds.).

E. Native of the region of Upper Nile.

F. Dutch statesman, 17th cent., long a determined opponent of the house of Orange.

G. One of the six characters in Virginia Woolf's "The Waves."

H. Freed from restraint.

I. Equipped and renovated for further duty or special accomplishment.

J. Great religious leader and governor of a western state, removed from office by President Buchanan.

K. Good-naturedly complaisant.

L. Symbol associated with the Jolly Roger of the old pirates (comp.).

M. Mountaineer's word for a thin sheet of ice on rock.

WORDS

10 69 18 163 158 147

155 39 141 76 174

79 93 171 41 144

124 89 114 72 101 131 138 31 43 57

107 110 38 61 82

50 66 40 129 159 173

181 48 68 145 81

5 175 177 54 96 189

94 24 2 100 29 45 36 105

34 7 162 172 109

118 60 146 136 123 33 188

6 56 49 92 167 63 95 182 97 176

111 185 98 127 170 90 55

DEFINITIONS

N. Solecism.

O. Having vague outlines, misty appearance (said of paintings).

P. Sent forth.

Q. The infernal regions of Virgil.

R. Make a quick downward motion of assent (3 wds.).

S. Forfeit, esp. in French and Canadian law.

T. Machinery of a delicate kind, as in recording apparatus of precision.

U. Specifying the first stroke toward the green (comp. commonly heard though not yet in Webster).

V. Utterance of new and meaningless words by psychotics.

W. Meanly, despicably.

X. Act of avoiding.

Y. Exclusive neighborhood treasured by (1) Boston, (2) Chicago, (3) Long Island (2 wds.).

Z. Famous character in "Uncle Remus" (2 wds.).

WORDS

1 80 148 47 106 184 99 77 134 140 3

161 35 121 65 78 11 46

168 116 125 143 150 74 137

113 73 102 32 153 14 86

117 64 103 154 30 164 58 84 44 25

52 20 132 104 108

67 37 13 186 23 15 120 85 130

178 27 91 83 180 139

17 42 4 21 115 128 160 165

183 9 51 179 119 59 169 156

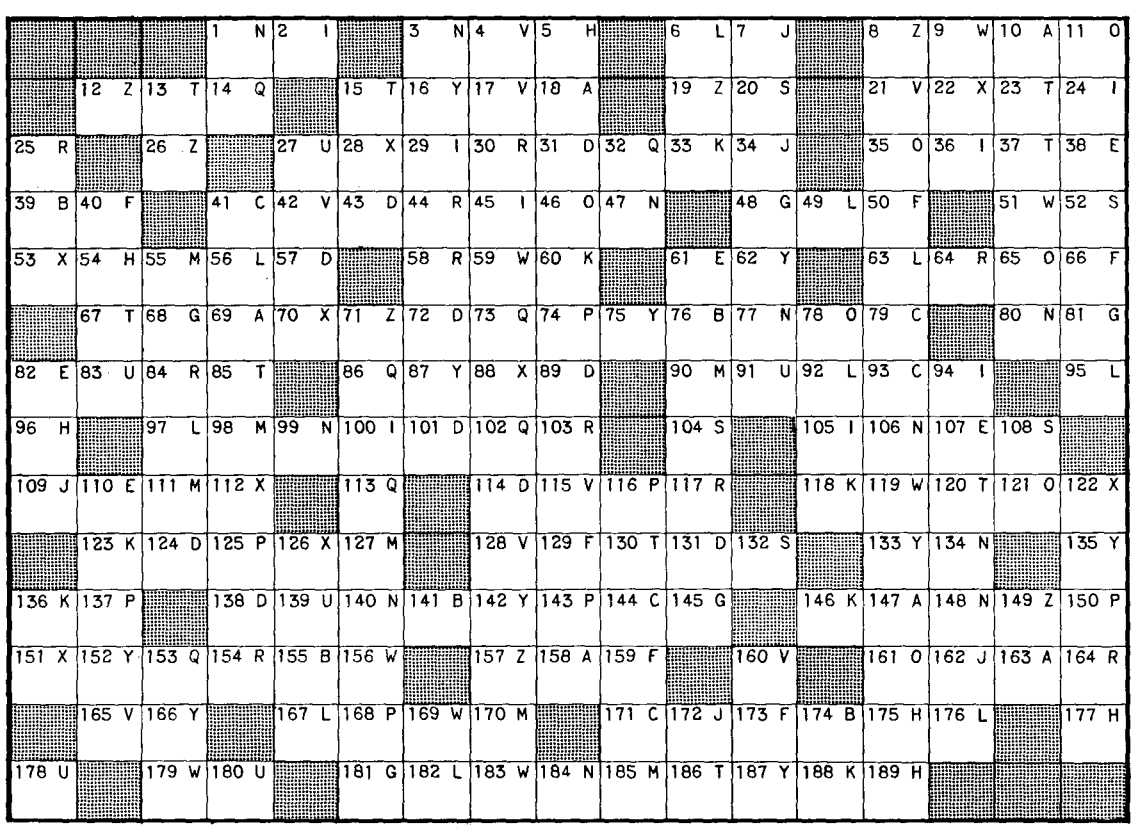
112 53 22 122 28 70 151 88 126

62 16 142 187 133 166 135 87 75 152

8 26 71 19 149 157 12

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Hindemith, Skrowaczewski, and Lisitsian

WHEN PAUL HINDEMITH appeared in Town Hall last winter, he was saluted for bringing with him some gifts of his recent creation, including the notable vocal "Madrigals" and instrumental octet. But his latest guest engagement with the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall produced nothing more representative from his own literature than the cello concerto of 1940, for which Aldo Parisot was the soloist, preceded by the "Medea" overture of Cherubini and followed by the seventh symphony of Bruckner. It is warming to know that Hindemith thinks well of Cherubini and Bruckner, but are these the reasons for which one engages a guest composer-conductor of his eminence?

Earnestness was in strong supply in all the performances, along with an affirmation of the principles of discipline and purpose which Hindemith pursues in his own writing. But his ear for orchestral balance, not to mention the limited technical means he commands, hardly made for the best service to either Cherubini or Bruckner. His own concerto is only a moderately successful exercise, with heavy brass (including tuba and trombones) making life more than ordinarily difficult for the soloist.

A musician better described as a conductor-composer made his first New York appearance when Stanislaw Skrowaczewski (Skro-va-*chev*-ski), the thirty-seven-year-old Pole just selected to succeed Antal Dorati in Minneapolis, was heard at the U.N. in charge of the concert commemorating the 150th anniversary of Chopin's birth. The two piano concerti (for which Adam Harasiewicz, first prize-winner in the 1955 International Chopin Piano Competition was the adept if none too expressive soloist) are hardly a challenge to a qualified conductor's skills: but what was heard amply justified the endorsement Skrowaczewski has earned as guest conductor in Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati.

In his "Symphony for Strings" (noted as opus 25, but not otherwise identified chronologically), Skrowaczewski showed equally strong creative impulses. This is a succinct work of twenty minutes' length whose three movements (adagio-allegro, adagio, presto) are tightly packed with music aptly utilizing the bowed instruments. There are some suggestions of the late Beethoven quartets in the layout of string sound, plus a variety of devices associated with works of the same order by Dvorak, Grieg, Sibelius, and Elgar. In other words, Skrowaczewski is well based in the precepts of this literature. Add an awareness of Bartok and Stravinsky (texture of the one, rhythms of the other) and you are in contact with a musician broadly based, thoroughly equipped. As a composer, Skrowaczewski has taste, invention, and craftsmanship—attributes which should serve him well in his work as a conductor. All the signs suggest that in succession to Ormandy, Mitropoulos, and Dorati (its only conductors over a thirty-year span) Minneapolis has another "live" one.

PAVEL LISITSIAN, the first Russian male singer of prominence to visit this country in two and a half decades, brought with him to Carnegie Hall a rich, ripe baritone sound of a singularly Italianate quality, and a masterly ability to shape it to his intentions. In a straightforward legato problem such as Handel's "Ombra mai fu" (the "Largo"), or "O Sommo Carlo" from Verdi's "Ernani" (or even "Di provenza il mar" from "Traviata," sung in Russian), Lisitsian operates a kind of endless tonal belt, joining one phrase to another with superb skill, supporting his sound with an almost tangible column of breath, and otherwise doing the many things that make up fine singing.

As an interpreter, however, Lisitsian may best be described as hearty and straightforward, not inclined either to much subtlety or great intensity. His operatic background (Bolshoi Theatre) will doubtless make for a superior Amonasro in "Aïda" when he sings the part at the Metropolitan, but his endeavor to produce the rounded kind of recital program customary in this country and England resulted in a rather prosaic "Serenata" from "Don Giovanni" (the "mandolin" embellishments sounded almost like finger exercises as performed on the piano by Naum Walter), a correct but sedate "Ich grolle nicht" of Schumann, and an equally bland performance of Schubert's "An die Musik." In addition to performing these works in cleanly articulated German, Lisitsian delivered two sections of Ravel's "Don Quichotte à Dulcinée" with a suitably modulated sound and more than commendable French enunciation. It was evident, however, in Lisitsian's "Di provenza," that word and tone blended better when he sang in his own language. The sizable audience responded mostly in terms of how high, how loud.

The musical week had, otherwise, a reddish coloration with a first recital by cellist Daniel Shafran and a final appearance by Emil Gilels. For the pianist there was a pleasant continuation of the previous pattern — sold-out auditorium and stage seats—to indicate that he has become a box office favorite. There were also indications that Gilels has the repertory at his command to sustain listening interest, especially where Bach is concerned. His performance of the G major French suite was absorbing to hear, not only for its unfailingly fine piano sound, but also for the keen awareness of musical values in the various dance pieces. It is his present inclination to play the fast pieces as fast as possible which is—considering what is possible for him—just too fast. There would be more clarity and an equally great illusion of momentum in a slightly slower, better articulated tempo. His Schubert this time (beautifully played) was the F minor Impromptu, followed by the second Kabalevsky sonata, Debussy's "Images," and five excerpts from "Petrouchka."

Shafran's solo recital extended by more than a bit the impression of his debut with the Moscow State Symphony a few weeks ago. However, his playing of Brahms (F major sonata) and Shostakovich (D minor sonata) was just a further step along the road of refinement and suavity that he had traveled then (insofar as Tchaikovsky's "Rococo" variations permitted). It is improbable that Shostakovich's eloquent, well-written work of 1934 will soon have another performance of such wizardly ease and sure artistic purpose, in which pianist Lydia Pecherskaya was a full partner.

Of note, operatically, was a first Pinkerton in "Butterfly," by William Olvis, which was commendably poised, perfectly suited to the navy whites, and vocally appealing. Basically the Olvis quality is more dramatic than this role requires, but as he is still short of getting the most from it, the compromise is not overpowering for Puccini. It needs to go back into the studio "oven" to rise a bit vocally (also set a bit dramatically) if the present promise is to become fulfillment. In a "Walküre" with Margaret Harshaw as Brünnhilde, Nan Rankin's first Fricka was a qualified success: a success in the sense that she sustained the performance level, qualified by an unsteady production in the mid-range where a Fricka should be beyond reproach. Miss Rankin carries herself well, and her command of the role's dramatic sense is sound: but it is questionable whether a vocal past devoted largely to Italian parts suits her for this German one.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Medici for Our Time

By OLIVER DANIEL

WHEN THE history of music in the twentieth century is finally written, the decade of the Fifties will be regarded as the one in which foundations became the great patrons of American music. The names of Rockefeller, Ford, Fromm, Naumberg—and, to a less dramatic degree, Eastman, Curtis, Juilliard, Guggenheim, Koussevitzky, and Ditson—have become identified with the dominant roles once assumed by the church, benevolent heads of states, and wealthy patrons—comprising the new Medici, Lobkowitz, and Ludwig of Bavaria of our time.

It was the decade in which the Rockefeller Foundation undertook to support the commissioning and recording project already begun by the Louisville Orchestra and brought into being some fine scores by both American and European composers, making them available in recorded form. The distribution of these splendid Louisville records was complicated by early insistence on subscription to a season's worth of discs, but they are now available at some stores, or directly from the Louisville Orchestra.

The Ford Foundation has begun significant musical projects that will extend into the next decade. One is designed to send young composers into secondary schools to work and wrestle with realities and practical problems for which the attic-prone composer of the recent past had little regard; another is assisting in the production of American operas, beginning at New York's City Center; still another is a broad commissioning project instituted by the American Music Center, under which an initial grant of $210,000 was made in 1957 for orchestral scores by American composers. The plan is similar to the Rockefeller project, but instead of singling out one orchestra, it attempts to provide for multiple performance through the participation of various orchestras and conductors whom the foundation contacted. The participating orchestras have been Boston, Knoxville, Minneapolis, Oklahoma City, San Francisco, and the National Symphony in Washington, D.C. Others are joining to expand the program.

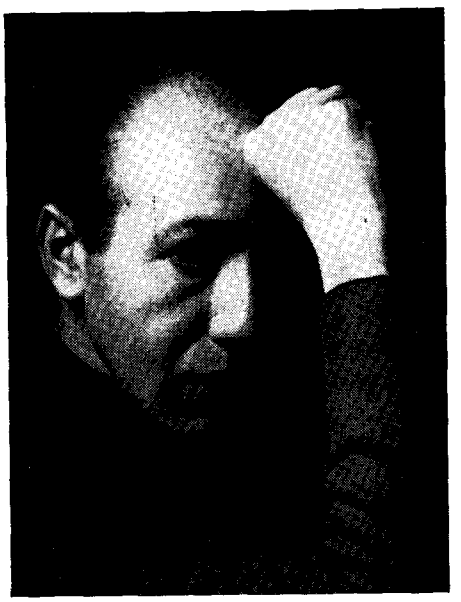
UNFORTUNATELY, the plan does not include the commercial recording of all these works. Although money has been available, no recordings of any of the works commissioned in this series have yet been released.

In a project less ambitious than its Louisville one, the Rockefeller Foundation in 1957-58 began collaboration with the American International Music Fund, which had been started ten years earlier by the late Serge Koussevitzky. So far, three grants totaling $78,000 have been made to tape performances by orchestras around the country and deposit them at the Music Division of the Library of Congress in Washington, and in the Public Libraries of Cincinnati, Dallas, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, and Philadelphia. So far, eighty-six works by seventy-one composers have been taped, but only two works have been made available in recording. The two works, chosen by a jury consisting of Nadia Boulanger, Carlos Chávez, and Alfred Frankenstein, are the Symphony No. 1 by Easley Blackwood and the Symphony No. 2 by Alexei Haieff, both performed by Charles Münch with the Boston Symphony Orchestra for RCA Victor (LM-2352, $4.98). It is unfortunate that all of the works now on tape are not yet accessible to the public via disc recordings.

BLACKWOOD is a name new among contemporary composers. Born in Indianapolis in 1930, he has studied with Messiaen, Hindemith, Heiden, and Boulanger. Under a Fulbright Grant he studied in Fontainebleau. While in Paris late in 1954, he began this symphony and completed it in 1955. It is a big, exuberant, youthful work—diatonic and somewhat dissonant. As the work of a composer of twenty-five, it is a remarkably fine piece, arousing one's interest for more of his music. He possesses skill, vigor, and rich expressiveness.

The composer regards the work as being "conceived along completely abstract lines." To the listener it almost relates to the broader romantic traditions, for it has both magnitude and breadth. Built in more or less traditional form, it has well-knit movements that span about thirty minutes, or one side and part of another on this LP.

On the second side, recorded as a companion piece, is the Second Symphony by Alexei Haieff. Siberia-born Haieff is a superb musical craftsman. Like Blackwood, he was once a student of Boulanger; other teachers include Shvedoff, Goldmark, and Jacobi. But one of the strong apparent influences in his music has been Stravinsky's. His symphony existed originally in another form, as a piano sonata. Thus, it is a transcription, but it shows small trace of resting on any pianistic background This is not a complicated piece; it is neat, clear, elegant. At all times Haieff is a craftsman of meticulous taste, though not one of startling originality or profundity. The work, how-



Diamond: "mature and thoughtful"

Haieff: "a superb musical craftsman"

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ever, is withal a fine one and will add to anyone's record collection. Both receive well-oiled performances by Münch and the Boston Symphony.

Apart from the activity of the International Music Fund, the Koussevitzky Foundation has long done nobly in commissioning new works and making them available on records. The Koussevitzky Foundation and the Walter A. Naumburg Foundation join in underwriting the release of a new Columbia disc of David Diamond's Symphony No. 4, conducted by Leonard Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic, and Jacob Avshalomov's Sinfonietta, with the composer conducting the Columbia Symphony (Columbia, MS 6089, $5.98).

David Diamond's Fourth Symphony is not a new work, having been written in 1945 and first performed by Leonard Bernstein with the Boston Symphony Orchestra three years later. Now fifteen years old, it strikes one not as the product of the "promising young composer" Diamond perennially seems to be, but of a mature and thoughtful writer. It is a work deeply rooted in the past and derives its quality from the broad musical tradition. There is no iconoclasm here, nor should there be, for this is a classical, or, more correctly, a romantically conceived symphony. Bernstein conducts it with devotion, understanding, and conviction. It emerges as a broad, significant work by a composer who is being curiously neglected—perhaps because he has been recently living in Italy, writing, not promoting.

The Naumburg-subsidized side—Jacob Avshalomov's Sinfonietta—is less opulent sonically but more exotic musically. The orchestration is modest but still colorful and the whole work reflects Avshalomov's early years in the Orient. (He was born in Tsingtao, China, in 1919.) Other works of his, bearing Eastern titles, are even more Orient-inspired—such works as "The Taking of T'ung Kuan" (recorded by Alfredo Antonini with the Oslo Philharmonic, CRI-117, $5.95), "Inscriptions at the City of Brass," and "The Little Clay Cart." The Sinfonietta at times has a kinship with another foundation-recorded work—Colin McPhee's Pastoral Symphony, recorded in the Louisville-Rockefeller series. All three movements are beautifully constructed. The first movement is based on "an arching horn call." The second movement, an andante which the composer subtitles "Visions," is indeed a trance-like piece of high magnetic quality. The conclusion is more Oriental, built on themes remembered from the composer's childhood—the principal theme being the same as a piano piece he composed in China at the age of nine. Avshalomov, who is also a brilliant conductor, gives his work a firm and authoritative reading.

The Naumburg Foundation was one of the first to recognize the importance of recordings, and since the beginning of its recording project in 1949 it has subsidized two works each year, with selection of a remarkably high order. Included have been symphonies by Riegger, Mennin, Piston, Harris, and Sessions, plus other major symphonic and chamber works. The Koussevitzky Foundation has underwritten Aaron Copland's Third Symphony, Douglas Moore's "Ballad of Baby Doe," and Blitzstein's "Regina." The Fromm Foundation has specialized mostly in smaller works, but the selection is again meticulous. We can be thankful to this foundation for giving us Lou Harrison's superb Mass, as well as works by Ben Weber and Krenek.

SIGNIFICANT aid from the Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University helped establish the American Recording Society, though all the records in the series have been withdrawn. To provide a method or device for keeping subsidized records available, the Ditson Fund and ACA (the American Composers Alliance) have joined in forming CRI (Composers Recordings, Inc.), which is operated by the Alliance. Participating in this worthy venture are the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Ditson subsidies have included "The Devil and Daniel Webster" of Moore (on Westminster), Copland's Dance Symphony, Dello Joio's Pulitzer Prize-winning "Meditations on Ecclesiastes," Barber's Symphony No. 1, Moore's "Cotillion" and "Farm Journal," Bergsma's "The Fortunate Islands," and others. ACA subsidies account for numerous works on CRI as well as an extended series conducted by Howard Hanson on Mercury. These together include major works by Cowell, Riegger, Elliott Carter, Hovhaness, McPhee, Luening-Ussachevsky, Weber, and numerous others. Performing organizations and conductors in this splendid series include Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra, the Oslo Philharmonic under Antonini and Buketoff, the Asahi Orchestra of Japan, and the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia Orchestra.

A perusal of the whole catalog of this significant project is revealing, offering some solution to the dilemma of what can be done when recording companies withdraw contemporary works despite the fact that they were produced through subsidies.

Stravinsky Replies to Walt Disney

A LETTER printed in the January 30 issue of *Saturday Review* quotes Mr. Walt Disney as follows: "When Stravinsky came to the studio . . . he was invited to conferences with [the] conductor . . . and [the] commentator . . . was shown the first roughed-out drawings, said he was 'excited' over the possibilities of the film . . . agreed to certain cuts and rearrangements and when shown the finished product emerged from the projection room visibly moved."

In fact my contract, signed and dated January 4, 1939, by my then New York attorney, states that the Walt Disney Enterprises paid the sum of $6,000 for their use of "Le Sacre du Printemps" and that $1,000 of this fee was to be paid to the publisher for the rental of the material. My *cachet*, gross, was, as I have said, $5,000. This contract further states that "Le Sacre" was to be recorded between March 25 and April 20, 1939. At this time I was in a tuberculosis sanatorium near Chamonix; I did not consult, indeed could not have consulted, with the musical director or commentator of the film—in fact I left this sanatorium only once in a period of several months, and that was to conduct "Persephone" in the Maggio Fiorentino.

The allegation that I visited the Disney studios on two separate occasions, once to see preliminary sketches and later to see the final film, is also false. I appeared there once only, as I wrote. I was greeted by Mr. Disney, photographed with him, shown drawings and sketches of the already finished film, and, finally, the film itself. I recall that I also saw a kind of negative of the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" and that I liked this and said so. That I should have expressed approbation over the treatment of my own music seems to me highly improbable. However, I should hope that I was polite. Perhaps Mr. Disney's misunderstanding was like that of the composer who invited a friend of mine to hear the music of his opera. When the composer had finished playing the first scene and the time had come for comment, all my friend could think of to say was, "Then what happens?" Whereupon the composer said, "Oh, I am so glad you like it."

—IGOR STRAVINSKY.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"George Lewis: A New Orleans Dixieland Spectacular." Omega OML-1053, $3.98. "Dr. Jazz," "A Closer Walk," "Smiles," "Burgundy Street," "Ice Cream," "Should I," "When the Saints Go Marching In," "Mecca Flat Blues," "Panama," "Till We Meet Again."	Prime among practising survivors of early New Orleans music is the clarinetist leader George Lewis, who continues to hold a group together in spite of the diminishing number of musicians who can play in the style he has insisted on preserving. In October, 1953, Lewis made a series of recordings with one of the better groups he has managed to recruit. Now reissued, they are placed alongside four titles Lewis recorded with three younger musicians; and one title from the original session not included in the ten-inch release, "Panama," has been added. They stand as warm, emotional statements of a music that has cooled by many degrees in the years that have intervened between early New Orleans and jazz of the payola-conscious 1960s.
"Dixie Anyone?" Bob Wilber Jazz Band. Music Minus One MMO 1009, $5.95. "Tin Roof Blues," "Wolverine Blues," "The Man That Got Away," "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," "When the Saints Go Marching In," "Do You Know What it Means to Miss New Orleans?"	"Dixie Anyone?" and a companion MMO LP, "Dixie Do-It-Yourself" (MMO 1010), are Music-Minus-One recordings that enable the hopeful practitioner of Dixieland jazz to sit in with seven front-line professionals (including Buck Clayton, trumpet, Wilber, clarinet, Vic Dickenson, trombone, Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone) and to blow or play to his heart's content whenever the music (printed on tipped-in booklet) says "MMO Solo—Ad Lib," "Play with Band," or "Solo." Arrrangements provide for B flat, E flat, bass clef and C instruments, and the tunes are adequate for the occasion.
"Dixieland at the Roundtable." The Salt City Six. Roulette R25080, $3.98. "Wolverine Blues," "New Orleans," "Ciribiribin," "I Want a Butter and Egg Man," "Volare," "I'm Coming, Virginia," "Limehouse Blues," "Satanic Blues," "76 Trombones," "Indiana."	The Salt City Six, a group of young Dixieland players including Nick Palumbo, clarinet, Bill Andrews, trumpet, and Bill Bartell, trombone, provide amiable renditions of a number of the classics peppered with two or three variants ("Ciribiribin," "Volare") that are welcome relief from the inevitable staples of the two-beat catalog. Results are sometimes a little uneven; in "76 Trombones" they hit the all-ins like a circus band, but simmer down between whiles to bridging parts that sound mechanical. Then they reach for the high wires again.
"The River Boat Five Take the Train." The River Boat Five. Mercury MG 20422. $3.98. "Wabash Cannonball," "Sentimental Journey," "Farewell Blues," "On the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe," "Toot Toot Tootsie Goodbye," "Alabamy Bound," others.	More Dixieland, this time with a conscious effort to veer away from the repertoire with a programming idea. It doesn't come off badly. The River Boat Five play pretty competently, with commendable restraint and some respect for each tune in the travel series. The recording technique is multiple-microphone, with no instrument less than eighteen inches from its own microphone. The orchestral balance is achieved at the mixing panel. Result: plenty of instrumental presence, but very little of the feeling of men playing together in a room where they can be heard.
"Dixieland Kickoff!" Pee Wee Hunt. Capitol ST 1265, $4.98. "Illinois Loyalty," "Notre Dame Victory March," "As the Backs Go Tearing By," "The Victors," "The U. of M. Rouser," "Across the Field," others.	Hardly the most original idea in programming for a Dixieland band (we seem to remember other LPs played by small combinations using college and football songs), but all right if anyone happens to like the tunes. The Pee Wee Hunt band is reliable.
"The Mark of Fredericks." Orchestra conducted by Mark Fredericks. Roulette R 25100, $3.98. "It's Something New to Me," "Empty City," "Get on Your Mark," "The Gates of Happiness," "The Isle of Romance," "To Love Again," "Cathedral on the Mountain," "The Bashful Debutante," others.	Aside from the sometimes turbulent "Blue Jean Rhapsody," with its quotations from jazz and boogie woogie framed in a Morton Gould-Leroy Anderson structure, things rarely come alive in this tallowed recording for which a young American composer-arranger proclaims his responsibility. His bid seems to follow paths already explored by the above-mentioned composers, with perhaps an ambitious eye cast in the direction of George Gershwin and Leonard Bernstein. The arranging relies heavily on string sections, and rarely offends with anything louder than the dronish buzz of an oboe. Good for the hi-fi set in the dentist's office.
"A Little Bit of Stitt." Sonny Stitt. Roost LP 2235, $3.98. "When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob Bob Bobbin Along," "Laura," "Slow Boat to China," others.	The tunes—most of them are familiar—seem to have been selected for the purpose of demonstrating Stitt's virtuosity with tenor and alto saxophones. His attack is light, he sticks to the melody for the most part, and does not, in this LP at least, present any high challenge, except perhaps to fellow practitioners of these instruments.
"Kenneth Patchen Reads with Jazz in Canada." Folkways FL 9718, $5.95. "Four Blues Poems," "Four Songs Poems," "As I Opened the Window," speeches from "Don't Look Now."	This LP is from a studio recording made for a program by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, in Vancouver, B.C. The balance between voice and music, from the Alan Neil Quartet (piano, bass, alto saxophone, drums), is good. Patchen's voice is gruff and bristly, and the feeling he establishes, in conjunction with the music, is that if you don't like this stuff, better not fool with it. The notes are by Alan Neil, leader of the quartet, in the manner of Kerouac. One of the musical compositions (background to "Four Blues Poems") is by Charlie Parker; another is by George Wallington.
"Liturgical Jazz." Musical Setting for Liturgy. Ecclesia ER-101, $4.98. "Prelude," "Collect for Purity of Heart," "Hymn of Praise," "Service of Confession," "Service of the Word," "Service of Offering," "After-Service," "Postlude."	Here is a serious attempt "to see if the old bones of the liturgy can take on the flesh of the twentieth century"—rather a large order which this LP, at least, seems to leave unfilled. The liturgy is Methodist, and it was prepared by John Wesley, founder of Methodism, as "The Sunday Service of the Methodists in North America" and sent to this country in 1784. Ed Summerlin is composer of the music; he leads a group of eight men for the recording. Two tenor saxophones, an alto, trumpet, flugel horn, and trombone are lead instruments. Reading of the liturgy is by Roger Ortmayer, an ordained clergyman of the Methodist Church. Hymn singing and responses come from an unidentified congregation. The music seems adequate for liturgy, but may raise doctrinal questions as to whether this particular liturgy, in this particular atmosphere, can hold its own as part of "the flesh of the twentieth century." This is something that seems better settled within the confines of Methodism.
"Junior." Junior Mance, piano. Verve MGV-8319, $4.98. "A Smooth One," "Miss Jackie's Delight," "Whisper Not," "Love for Sale," "Lilacs in the Rain," "Small Fry," "Jubilation," "Birk's Works," "Blues for Beverlee," "Junior's Tune."	Although pianist Junior Mance has played in the company of numberless musicians of mettle, this is his first record—perhaps because there have been so many LPs of other pianists, most of them happily forgotten by now. His playing displays authority and dedication; his touch is light, evocative, yet firm as the spring of fine steel; he strides aloing comfortably at fast or slow tempo. There is enough variety—"Love for Sale" incorporates original variations on a popular tune; "Lilacs in the Rain" is melodic and tender; "Blues for Beverlee" makes summations of material drawn from Blues—to establish him as able in a number of veins. He is accompanied by Ray Brown, bass, and Lex Humphries, drums; the support is admirable. —Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

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Rameau Revived

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

THE APPEARANCE on two Pathé records (DTX 223-4, $11.90) of Rameau's Comédie-Ballet "Platée" is an exciting event, and a joyous one. Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683-1764) is a composer whose name has always seemed a byword for dignity of the most stately kind, and nothing could be more surprising than the sudden encounter with this comedy, so full of wit and verve. It is the story of the Boeotian nymph Plataea, here burlesqued as the queen of the swamp and the frogs, and of her unshakable conviction that no male, whether god or mortal, can behold her without falling in love. Jupiter himself descends, pays court to her, and only at the last moment is the mock wedding ceremony interrupted by the furious Juno. The goddess is at least temporarily cured of her customary jealousy and returns to Olympus with Jupiter; Folly, Momus, the god of gaiety, and the other sponsors of the farce are delighted with the success of their scheme; and poor Plataea, mocked by all, has to return to her marsh and her illusions.

The author of the charming libretto was Jacques Hautreau, a curious figure in the Parisian artistic world of the eighteenth century, who in his sixties decided to give up his career as a portrait painter and become a playwright instead. A self-portrait at Versailles tells us on the back of the canvas that he was a "misanthrope, inclined to think little of himself, but very fond of women in general." The libretto was somewhat revised by A. J. Le Valois d'Orville, set to music by Rameau probably about 1740 (thus after his most celebrated tragic operas), and first given at Versailles in 1745. Some years later, "Platée" became part of the repertory in Paris and enjoyed many successes there.

The music is a wondrous delight, and Rameau's invention covers a range from a splendid overture and some extraordinarily rich and involved ensembles, to pieces that seem downright Offenbachian in their brio, and to the out-and-out farce of animal imitations, including inevitably our heroine's subjects with their "Quoi, quoi, quoi?" The burlesque tone of the whole is established by having the part of Plataea herself given to a man, a tenor assigned an unusually generous allotment of high Cs.

The recording derives from the Aix-en-Provence Festival of 1956, where "Platée" was given what must have been, to judge from the booklet and the records themselves, a fine production. Unfortunately, extensive cuts were made, especially in the second and third acts, but in view of the rewards of what is offered, for once I accept the more than half-loaf graciously and thankfully. Michel Sénéchal is perfect as the grotesquely falsettist nymph, and he is backed up by an excellent cast, two of whose members are outstanding and deserve special commendation: Janine Micheau as La Folie, a giddy coloratura, of course; and Nicolai Gedda, who appears as Thespis and Mercury. Hans Rosbaud conducts from the harpsichord, and does so not only with an excellent sense of style, but with brilliance, lightness, and grace. The sound is very acceptable.

A Pathé ten-inch single (DT 1033, $4.98) brings us music by Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1634-1704), who is becoming fairly familiar as a writer of church music, but whom we meet here as a dramatic composer. There is a little cantata called "Orphée descendant aux enfers," a noble and affecting work, well performed here with particularly good singing by Jean Giraudeau as Orpheus. On the other side there are two comic intermezzos, a "Trio des rieurs" and a "Trio des grotesques," apparently extensively reconstructed by Guy-Lambert from larger works. Both are engaging and truly funny, not just comic on their own say-so, and they are nicely done under the direction of Louis Martini. Unfortunately, no texts are supplied, and the notes, which rather disturbingly always refer to the composer as MAC, are rapturous and chatty rather than informative.

Another recent French arrival offers more standard fare, namely J. S. Bach. On Odéon French (XOC 112, $5.95) Henryk Szeryng plays the Violin Concertos in E major and A minor with a combination of elegance and taste one rarely hears equaled in this repertory. I am left less happy by certain details of style: all his trills stand on their heads, and I hear no continuo instrument. The accompaniment is provided without much distinction by Gabriel Bouillon and the Pasdeloup Orchestra.

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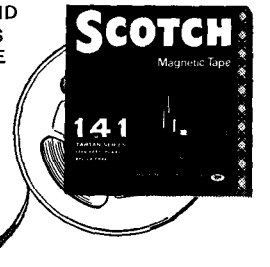

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Irish Extravaganza

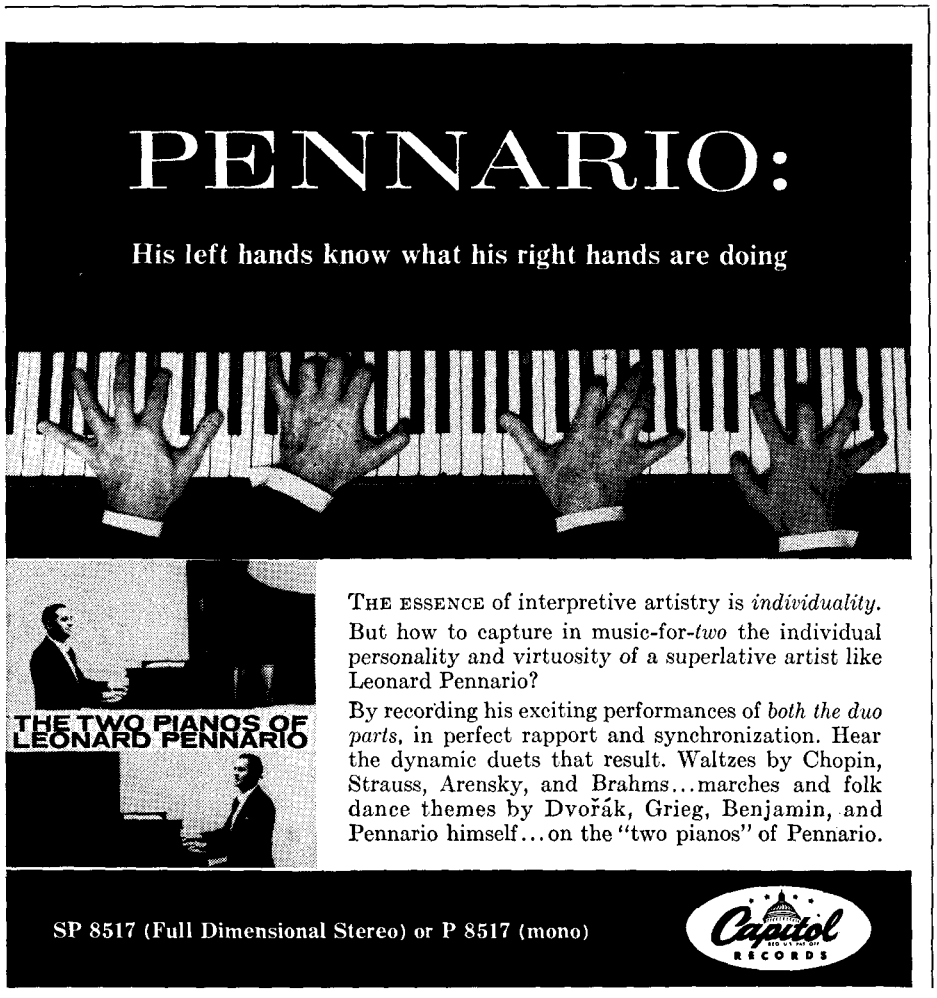
By WALTER STARKIE

IT IS A consolation to listen to the record of Brendan Behan's singing of Irish Folksongs and Ballads, (Spoken Arts SA 760, $5.95) and his random anecdotes of his experiences as political prisoner, his exploits in the hills with the rebel boys, and his wanderings from pub to pub, bumming, ballad-mongering, and getting an earful as well as an eyeful. In the nineteenth century the English ascendancy welcomed the stage Irishman with open arms. As Bernard Shaw declared, he was a positive godsend to the Sinn Fein revolutionaries, for he created good will in England and thus enabled the hard-hitting Irish patriot to get in his blow at the Sassenach enemy, who was relaxed through laughing at the stage Irishman. During the troubled years from 1916 to 1922 the Irish were grim, thin-lipped, and taciturn, vindicating the prophecy of G. K. Chesterton, who had said in 1905 of his English compatriots: "While we were laughing at a comic Irishman in fiction, we were creating a tragic Irishman in fact."

Brendan Behan cheers the heart of the Irish exile by his songs and his patter, and we feel that he has buried the political hatchet and converted into minstrelsy the battles between the Black and Tans and the I.R.A. columns; he sings of them with the same gusto found in the ballads of a hundred years ago. To prove he has buried the hatchet, he pokes fun at the English in his Irish pub travesty of an Oxford accent, and he can admit that the Anglo-Saxon is a sport when he sings, "We sigh for dear old England and the captains and the kings." There is a certain poignancy about the tramp's song, "The Old Triangle," as it forms the leitmotif of Behan's striking play "The Quare Fellow," which was first produced in London in 1956—a gruesome play that reminded us of "The Last Mile," which we saw in New York way back in 1929-30. The song recalled for us the genuine stoicism of this good-natured vagabond, whose father first saw him from his cell window during the Irish Civil War in 1922. Brendan was only six weeks old when his mother brought him to the jail and held him up on the road outside for his father to see.

Behan: "the complete personality . . . his pathos, his whimsical inconsequence . . . above all, his broad tolerance . . ."

One of his most haunting songs is "I Will Give You a Golden Ball," which refers to his childhood amidst the ruined grandeur of the slums of Dublin, still haunted by the ghosts of the dandies and fair ladies of eighteenth-century Ascendancy Dublin. Little Brendan was one of the gay street Arabs who played in those alleys and fed themselves on *gur* cakes, which were made from the stale rich cakes which were returned to the bakery, and the song also is a theme-tune to remind us that the street Arabs' next stage would be Borstal, which he has described so vividly in his recent autobiography. One of the great merits of this recording is the uncensored freedom allowed by the artistic director. We get the complete personality of Brendan Behan: his pathos, his whimsical inconsequence, his asides (even his nose-blowing!), his cynicism, and above all his broad tolerance, which ends in the bubbling good humor of the two final ballads. The only Irish folk touch we missed was the note of fierceness tinged by tenderness that is found in such street songs as "Johnnie, I Hardly Knew You" or "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched." But after all, they were written before the Flood.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Moscow Art Theatre

CHEKHOV: *"Women's Luck"*; DOSTOIEVSKY: *"Christmas Tree and a Wedding"; "Three Russian Folk Tales." Russian Readings by Actors of the Moscow Art Theatre.* Monitor MR 103, $4.98.

THIS ALBUM would certainly be of more interest to American Russians who are nostalgic about the famous Moscow Art Theatre artists than to those who are learning Russian. For you have to be very fluent in, and extremely well acquainted with, the language in order to follow the speech of these artists. Three of the readers – Alexander Kiselev, Alexei Gribov, and Georgi Kulikov–belong to the new generation, while Madame Evdokia Turchaninova, I understand, was a member of the theatre even before the revolution.

It is a faultless performance, as might be expected from the artists of an institution with such a great reputation. Their diction is perfect and the natural flow of their speech is gratifying. Nothing is done for effect, not a single phrase is exaggerated, except for a slight nuance accentuating the derogatory attitude toward "the rich," which, I must admit, might not be noticed by a casual listener.

Among the five chosen stories only Chekhov's "Women's Luck" is entirely free from this sort of naïve propaganda. It is masterfully delivered by Alexei Gribov. Dostoievsky's "Christmas Tree and a Wedding," from "Anonymous Writings," was included in this album with good reason–there are not many Dostoievsky short stories portraying so pointedly a successfully calculating rich and influential man who increases his wealth by marrying an innocent sixteen-year-old heiress.

In the folk tales the rich man appears to be cruel, arrogant, dishonest, and stupid, while the poor man is clever and kind. Obviously in each case the rich man is properly punished. In the "Gentryman and the Carpenter" the carpenter "teaches the gentryman a lesson." The rich man had ordered the carpenter thrashed when he refused to give the right of way on the road. On two subsequent occasions, he mercilessly whips the "Gentryman."

In "How the Poor Man Dined with a Gentryman" the poor man succeeds in outwitting the rich man. "The Cock with the Golden Comb and the Miraculous Mill" is an old Russian fairy tale, somewhat reminiscent of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Its rendition by Madame Turchaninova is so charming that it almost loses its "propaganda" goal.

–VICTOR SEROFF.

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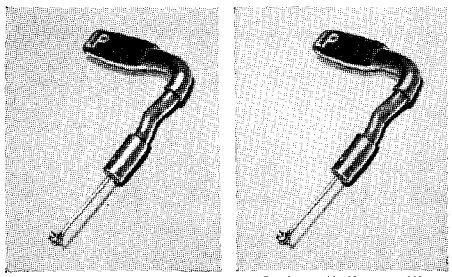

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Basin Street North

TORONTO.

ALL THAT I am and all that I hope to be," Morris Sobel said to me the other night, "I owe to little Max Kaminsky." What Sobel is, and what he hopes to go on being, is manager of Basin Street, the principal headquarters for local jazz musicians in this city of bursting prosperity. There are four places in Toronto where jazz may be heard with some regularity: the Town Tavern, which imports American groups (Lennie Tristano and Lee Konitz are working there as I write this); the Colonial, which features local bands three or four nights each week; and George's Spaghetti House, which runs a midnight session each weekend. The fourth is Sobel's Basin Street, which hires native bands to operate six nights a week and also, for two weeks out of each month, brings in "legendary jazz heroes," as Sobel calls them, to play along. Right now Edmond Hall is about to come in for his second visit, and Sobel, his musicians, and his customers can hardly wait.

Sobel is the only nightclub operator I know who is also a physical culture enthusiast and, in fact, an instructor. He is forty-five; for six years he was heavyweight wrestling champion of Canada (amateur, he adds proudly); and he still conducts a class in calisthenics and other tortures at the YMCA. He operates on the theory that he gets a customer both ways: after a man has laid waste his body at Basin Street at night, he can go and build it up again at the Y the next day.

In a way, Basin Street is a kind of settlement house for local musicians who want to play jazz. It is the only regular refuge they've got. There is not enough work in town for them to work full time at their trade; to keep their lips in shape and their ideas well-honed, some of them play on odd Sundays in rehearsal bands, the best-known of which, described by its members as an "honest-to-god gas," is led by an instructor-arranger-composer named Gordon Delamont. Sobel, hearing of this sad state of affairs, decided that the cats should have a place where they could play week in and week out, and forthwith changed the policy of the basement room in the Westover, a hotel for theatrical types which he operates. Previously, he had been hiring rock 'n' roll groups, which gave him nothing but bad nerves and fist fights among the customers, most of whom came from the nearby tenderloin district. "The new jazz policy attracted a more genteel type of fan," he says.

The trouble was that it did not attract too many, and that was where the trumpeter Max Kaminsky came in, more or less by remote control. Kaminsky, playing with a group from the States at the Town Tavern, heard of Sobel's noble effort and suggested to a friend that business might improve if the Toronto band were fronted with someone famous from time to time. Sobel says, "I never met the man until later, but he was a blessing to me." He forthwith began to ask his musicians for names of noted jazz players with whom they would enjoy playing, and they got him to bring in the aforementioned Ed Hall, Wild Bill Davison, Vic Dickenson, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells and, eventually, even Kaminsky himself.

As can be gathered from this list, the guests have been mainly of a Condonian persuasion, which is appropriate, since the young bands here sound like Condon's groups in their younger days. Bud Hill, the trombonist who is leader in Sobel's now, is a high school teacher, and so is another member of his band. The band he leads has a rhythm section that, despite a certain wooden nervousness that crops up now and then, sometimes gets going with a good fluid, steady beat. The trumpet, Frank Mowat, is a disciplined lead who takes off in solos that show clearly that he has been listening to Gillespie as well as Armstrong and has profited from both. Hill himself supplies a raucous, humorous trombone; his exuberance does not hide the fact that he is a first-rate musician. The clarinet, Ron Chandler, is having his first trip into this kind of music and is astonishing everyone, including himself.

No one is happier about this state of affairs than the kindly-faced, genial Morris Sobel. It has taken him some time to work up real enthusiasm for jazz, but now that he's got it, he's got it for good. He is pleased and touched that the stars come to play with his boys, and Bud Hill told me that any visitor is invariably treated like a king. "It's a wonderful gig for people who come up here," Hill said. "They play half-hour sets between nine and twelve, and they're given the respect they're due. Before they come in, we get their records and rehearse their favorite numbers so we won't look silly playing with them." Sobel himself could not be happier, although he wishes he were more hip, or, as he says, hep. Once, when Buck Clayton was guest star, he asked Pete Bartram, a bass player, what he thought of Clayton's playing.

"Oh, man," said Bartram, "like Buck's playing just *too much*."

Sobel was instantly, honestly alarmed. "Too much? My God!" he cried. "Don't let him do that! Sit him down and make him rest! We don't want him to get sick!" —RICHARD GEHMAN.

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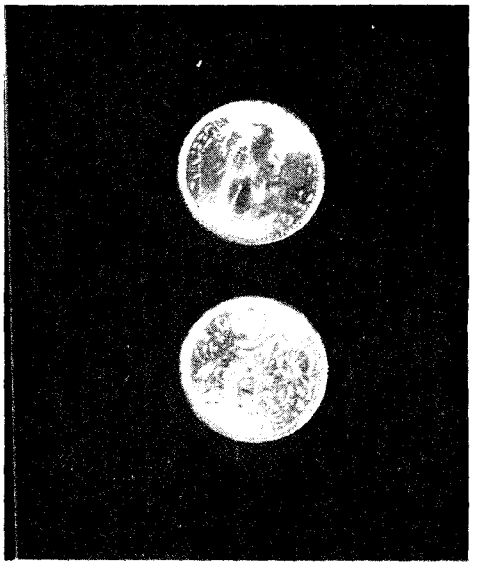
Tourist's Guide to British Money

(Take it with you when you go)

A PENNY is worth about one cent in U. S. currency, but is about twice as big. Twelve English pennies make a shilling. The rate of exchange is highly favorable today. You can actually spend two grand weeks in Britain for under $200.



SIXPENCE. The silver sixpence is the equivalent of 7¢, and a delightful little coin it is. The slang word for sixpence is "tanner." Traveling by rail in Britain can cost less than 3¢ a mile. And bus travel works out at about 2¢ a mile.

SHILLING. Equal to 14¢. Twenty-one shillings make a "guinea," which is so aristocratic that there isn't a coin or banknote for it at all. You can do a lot with one shilling—tour Windsor Castle, see the Crown Jewels, or visit Hampton Court.

FLORIN. A two-shilling piece—28¢. The first florins were minted in Queen Victoria's reign and were known as "Godless florins," due to the omission of the usual Latin initials signifying "by the Grace of God" after the Queen's name.

HALF-CROWN. Two shillings and sixpence—or 35¢. Today, for only a half-crown, you can visit almost any of 450 castles and mansions now open to the public. Stately homes like Blenheim Palace, Chatsworth House and Glamis Castle.

ONE POUND. Equivalent of $2.80. There's a bill for this—also for ten shillings. But U. S. law won't let us show either. The British slang for a pound is "quid." Call it what you like, it buys you a fine seat at the theater. *Note:* There's a Scottish shilling in our picture. It has only one lion on its crest. Can you spot it?

For free British Travel Kit, see a travel agent or write to Box 145, British Travel Assn. In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 So. Hill St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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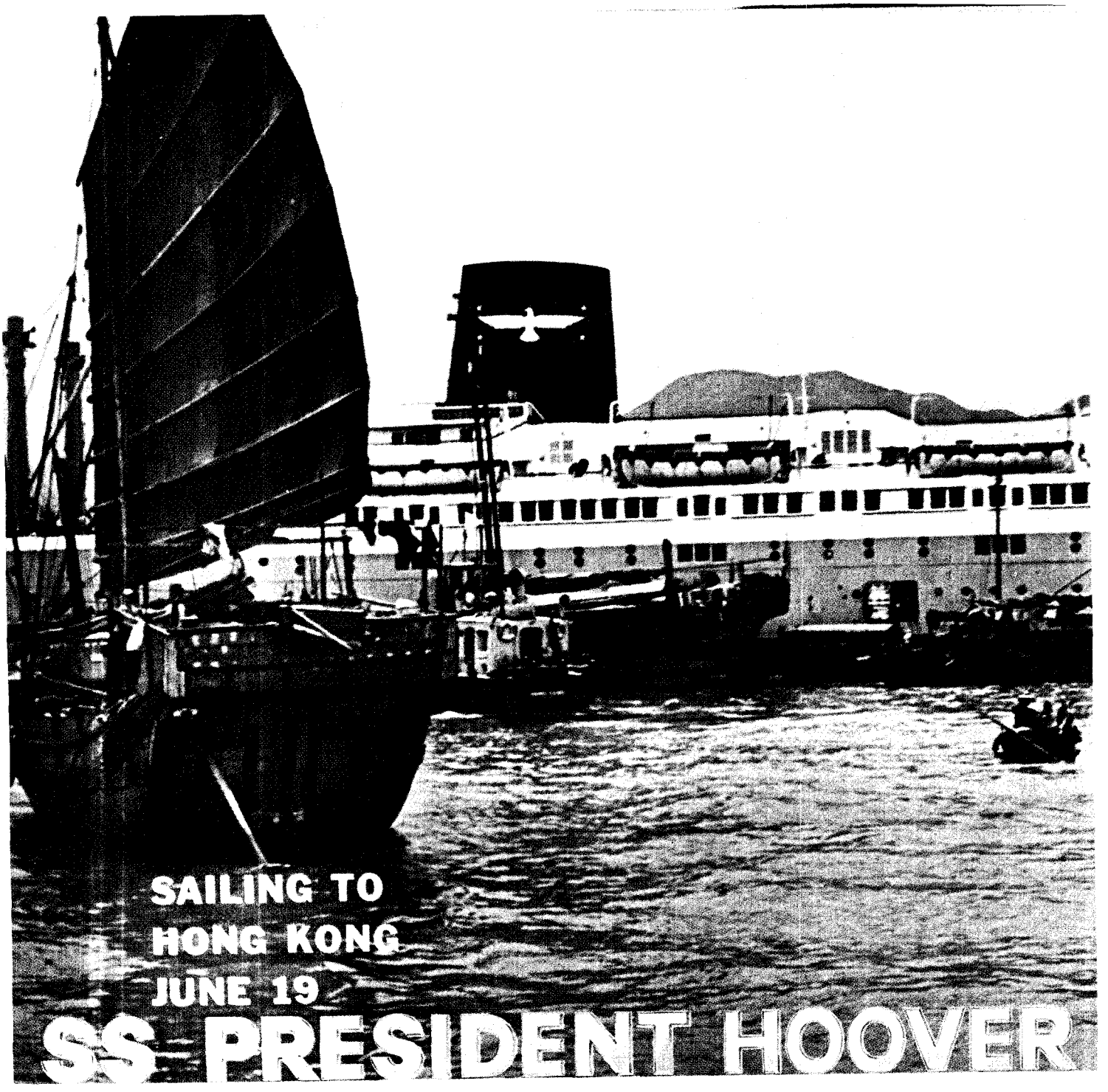

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